No. 5097 K

FRANK LESLIE'S

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

No. 654.—Vol. XXVI. NEW YORK, MAY 3, 1879. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $3.50 A YEAR, POSTAGE FREE.

"WANDERING WILLIE; Or, LOST IN THE BUSH," the Adventures of a Missionary's Son in the Wilds of Africa, begins in this number.

WANDERING WILLIE; Or, LOST IN THE BUSH.

The Adventures of a Missionary's Son in the Wilds of Africa.

CHAPTER I.
WILLIE'S RESOLVE.

"MOTHER!"

"Yes, my son."

"Will father never come back?"

"I hope so, my child. A merciful Providence watches over him."

"But we have not heard from him for over a year, mother."

A lady of mature age, dressed in black, at this remark raised her handkerchief to her eyes and wept bitterly.

She was the wife of the Reverend Septimus Hill, who had been away in Africa for nearly two years, laboring to convert the heathen.

A stated income was paid her by the Society which sent her husband out, and on this she lived with her son Willie, at the little village of Manasquan, in Jersey.

The house was about five miles from the village, between the Manasquan and Metedeconk Rivers, sheltered by a grove of pine-trees, and was as charmingly rural and secluded as could be wished.

Willie was a fine, handsome boy, with light curly hair, just fifteen years old.

He missed his father very much, and was continually inquiring for him, and wondering why he did not come home.

It was true that for twelve months no letter had been received from the Reverend Mr. Hill, nor had the Society had any communication from him.

This was very alarming. It must be remembered that the clergyman was in a wild and dangerous country.

His only companions were savages.

Lions and huge venomous serpents roamed and glided in the tropical forests.

Willie Hill walked up and down the room, immersed in deep thought.

"What are you thinking about, sonny boy?" inquired his mother.

He stopped right in front of her, and his blue, earnest eyes were dimmed with tears.

"Thinking of father," he replied.

"So am I. Would to Heaven he were here; but he went out to do the Master's work, and I must not complain," Mrs. Hill said, with a sigh of resignation.

"Look here, mother," exclaimed Willie. "Cannot I go after father?"

"Do what?"

"Go to Africa and bring him back with me."

"Willie!" ejaculated Mrs. Hill.

The boldness, not to say wildness, of this proposition completely took her breath away.

"I'm not afraid of the lions and the snakes and savages," continued the good missionary's son, in whose breast burnt some of his father's fire.

"But, my dear boy——" began Mrs. Hill, in a tone of remonstrance.

"Do let me go!" he interrupted, eagerly.

"Impossible."

Willie paced the floor impatiently again.

"I never can do anything I want to," he said.

Mrs. Hill rose from the chair on which she was sitting and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"Willie!" she exclaimed, mildly, but firmly, "you ought not to talk like that."

"BEFORE THE SUN WENT DOWN THE UNLUCKY VESSEL WAS CAST AMONG THE BREAKERS, AND BECAME A TOTAL WRECK."

"MEANWHILE THE SLAVE HAD CRAWLED ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES TO HIS DELIVERER. 'GET UP, MY MAN,' SAID WILLIE. 'I SHAN'T EAT YOU.'"

"It's a shame."

"What is a shame?" Mrs. Hill asked of the impetuous and dissatisfied boy.

"That I can't go after papa. He's lost in the wilds of Africa, and may be I could help him some."

"You forget yourself."

"No, I don't."

"Willie," said Mrs. Hill, "do you not know it is wrong of you to contradict me?"

"It's hard to be kept here, when we don't know what has happened father," he rejoined.

"Go to your room," said Mrs. Hill, "and remain there until I send for you."

For the first time in his life Willie Hill became rebellious.

"I won't," he replied, putting his lips together.

An expression of pain came over Mrs. Hill's face.

"Have you forgotten the fifth commandment, and its promise?" she said.

"I don't care," he answered; "I want to go to Africa."

"You will go to your room, sir," repeated his mother, "and I beg that you will not oblige me to speak to you again."

"I won't."

"Go!"

"You may whip me, but——"

Mrs. Hill promptly rang the bell, and a brief silence ensued, during which Willie took out his jackknife and began to whittle a stick in the most industrious manner. He appeared outwardly unconcerned, but in his heart he knew that he had made his mother angry, and he was sorry for it.

At the same time he was too proud to make an apology or to ask her pardon.

The bell was answered by a tall, middle-aged negro, who was very well made, and muscular to a degree.

On account of his height and build he was called Goliah.

He had been in the service of the Hills many years. His work consisted in attending to the horse, which Mrs. Hill drove, and waiting at table, while in the Summer he managed the garden.

Goliah was regarded more as a friend of the family than as a servant.

When he appeared Mrs. Hill pointed to her son.

"Take Master Willie up-stairs, please, and see that he is confined to his room until I send for him," she exclaimed.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Goliah, adding, "come 'long, sah."

"Go away," said Willie.

"Guess yer want me to carry yer, Marse Willie."

"If you do, I'll bite."

"Got ter take de chances ob dat."

"I'll kick," said Willie, stubbornly.

The pained expression deepened on Mrs. Hill's face.

"Willie," she exclaimed, "it grieves me very much to have to punish you, but I shall be compelled to deprive you of your supper."

"I don't care," he replied.

She held up her finger.

"'Don't care' came to a bad end," she said.

Willie was about to make a reply of which he would in a moment of calm reflection been ashamed, but Goliah stepped him by taking him up in his arms.

Though a strong and hearty boy, he was but a child in the arms of the stalwart negro.

In spite of his struggles he was carried from the room and taken up-stairs.

When Goliah reached his room he placed him on the floor, and said:

"Excuse me, Marse Willie, but I had to obey orders."

Willie was not in a good temper.

"I'll never forgive you!" he answered.

"Oh, yes, you will, sah, when you's ober dis muss. We's taught to forgive our enemies."

"Then you admit that you are my enemy?"

"No, sah."

"That's logic, and you can't get out of it," said Willie.

Goliah scratched his woolly head as he placed the key of the door on the outside.

"I don't know much about logik," he replied, "but I reckon you can't get out ob this room until your ma comes back."

He went away and locked the door after him, leaving Willie to his own reflections, which were not of the most pleasant description.

In the first place, he was being punished, and a boy who is really good always feels a sense of humiliation at being in disgrace, of course; no boy is perfect; boys as well as grown-up people have their faults, and are liable at times to err. But it was very rarely that Willie offended his mother.

On this occasion it was owing to his intense desire to find his father that he had irritated one whom he had every reason to consider the best friend he had in the world.

In this opinion he was right.

What better friend and adviser can a boy have than his mother?

Sitting down on the edge of his little bed, Willie gave free scope to his emotion.

The tears coursed one another down his cheeks, and he would have given the world if he could have gone to his mother and begged her forgiveness.

His heart was in the right place.

For two hours he remained alone, no one coming near him. He was roused from a reverie by a tap on the door.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"It's only I," was the answer.

Willie knew the sound of that voice well.

"Birdie!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, dear, your own birdie. May I come in?"

"If you can. The door is locked, and Goliah has the key."

"Horrid!"

"I'm in disgrace, Birdie."

"Never mind, dear; I'll go and see Goliah, and soon fix things."

The pattering of little feet was heard on the stairs, and the speaker went away.

Birdie Merlin was an orphan.

She was cared for by an aunt who was a neighbor of Mrs. Hill's, and at sixteen was a bright, pretty, intelligent girl, with a beautiful, classic face and flaxen hair.

Willie thought a great deal of Birdie, and they were constant companions.

He had often told her that he meant to make her his little wife when the time should come for him to choose a helpmate to cheer him through life.

Birdie loved him dearly, and their affection for one another was as pure and sweet as that of Paul and Virginia.

In a short time Willie heard the patter of little feet again.

This was succeeded by the sound of a key being placed in the lock.

Then the door opened and Birdie Merlin was revealed, wreathed in triumphant smiles.

"Here I am, dear!" she exclaimed. "I told you that Goliah, the good-natured old black giant, could not refuse me anything!"

Willie smiled and held out his hand.

"It would, indeed, be hard to refuse you," he replied.

"Am I so lovable?"

"I think so."

The little maiden sat down by his side on the bed and looked at him demurely.

"Now, sir," she asked, with an arch smile, "tell me, if you please, of what high crime and misdemeanor you have been guilty?"

"I offended my mother," replied Willie.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Candidly, I am."

"She is the best of women."

"I freely admit it," said Willie, trying to evade her glance.

"What did you do?" pursued Birdie.

"Nothing very, very bad."

Birdie shook her head.

"I almost regret having induced that dear old black diamond, Goliah, to give me the key," she exclaimed.

"Don't say that. I will tell you all about it," said Willie.

"Begin. Open confession is good for the soul."

"I wanted to go to Africa to find my father, and mamma would not let me undertake the journey."

Bertie Merlin laughed.

"Mrs. Hill was quite right," she said. "I believe only an American boy would have thought of such a quixotic proceeding."

"But there is nothing wrong in the idea."

"Oh, no. It is only its impracticability that makes it sound so funny," replied Birdie. "Your father went out to preach to the heathen. You do not know where he is. For a long time you have not heard from him, and I presume you are aware that Africa is a large place."

"Well," said Willie, "I should smile if I didn't. Don't we learn geography at school?"

"Yes, we do, and the knowledge we gain tells us that quite a considerable portion of that vast continent is unexplored."

"What of that?"

"The native tribes are hostile to white men."

"Then you do not approve of my going to Africa?" exclaimed Willie, biting his lip.

"Frankly I do not, dear."

"You are all against me."

"And very properly. Your mother cannot afford to lose you as well as your father. Besides that, what should I do?"

"Oh, you wouldn't miss me much."

"Thank you. That is an unkind speech, for I should cry my eyes out."

Willie seized her hand and pressed it affectionately. Suddenly he heard the sound of a horse galloping up the road, and coming from the direction of Manasquan.

Looking out of the window, he saw a horse with some broken harness and a portion of a shaft attached to a trace.

To his consternation he recognized the animal as the one belonging to his mother, which she was accustomed to drive.

"Oh, Birdie!" he cried, as a chill struck to his heart.

"What is it, dear?" she inquired.

"Here's our horse Dolly running to the stable. Goliah has just caught him. He's broken away from the wagon. Mamma went to the village. Something must have happened to her."

His alarm communicated itself to her.

"Do you think an accident has happened?" she asked.

"It must be so. I wish I could speak to Goliah."

"Run down and see him."

"Ought I to?" said Willie. "I am being punished, and was told not to leave the room until mamma returned."

He looked doubtfully at her.

"Perhaps she will never return," replied Birdie Merlin. "At a time like this we must not be so strict. Come with me. I feel that something dreadful has happened."

Very silently Willie accompanied the girl downstairs, his pallor deepening and his nervous agitation increasing at every step.

Perhaps even then that excellent mother whom he loved so dearly was dead or dying.

In the yard they found Goliah, who had put the horse in its stall in the stable, and was examining the harness with a critical eye.

"What is it?" asked Willie, whose heart was in his mouth.

"Har's been a smash-up on de road, sah, dat for sush, or ole Goi don't know nuffin'," replied the negro.

"My mother drove to Manasquan."

"Dat was de road she tuk, an' I reckon she went to de post-office to inquire for de letter what won't came from Africy."

Now that he began to realize the extent of the danger, Willie became calmer and braver.

"We must go up the road and ascertain where she is," he said.

"By Golly! that um bright idea."

"I will come, too," remarked Birdie.

It was growing late, and a hurried glance at the lowering sky showed Willie that it would soon be dark.

"We must have lanterns!" he exclaimed.

Goliah produced two lanterns, which he lighted, handing one to Willie and keeping the other himself.

"Birdie," continued Willie, "won't you mind the house?"

"If you wish it," she answered.

"You can't be of any use to us, dear, and if you will light the lamps it will be nicer when we come back."

Birdie Merlin entered the house without another word.

"Are you ready, sah?" asked Goliah.

"Quite. Which road shall we take?" replied Willie.

"Straight ahead, Marse Will. That was de way de ole boss come."

So they started up the road, both feeling very much dismayed and very anxious.

The instinctive gloom which misery always sends in advance as its herald had fallen upon them.

It encompassed them like a pall.

Gradually the shadows descended, and the branches of the great pine-trees looked gaunt and ghastly.

Before they had proceeded half a mile it was dark.

All at once Willie felt something touch his hand.

"What's that?" he said, with a start.

"Ki! how um make you jump!" laughed Goliah.

"Why, it's Carlo!" exclaimed Willie.

"What's got you, sah, dat you don't know de ole dog?"

Carlo was a magnificent animal, half mastiff half bloodhound, very sagacious and powerful.

For some years he had been a highly esteemed member of the Hills' household.

He had been asleep in the stable, and Willie had forgotten to call him in his hurry to start.

Carlo wagged his tail, and looking up in his young master's face, went on in advance.

He seemed to know that something unusual had occurred, and that he was expected to help in the emergency.

Presently a loud, deep barking was heard.

"Dat's Carlo," said the negro.

"Hurry!" replied Willie.

They started after the intelligent creature at a run, he being hidden from them by a turn in the road.

CHAPTER II.

A LONG JOURNEY.

LIFE is full of sorrows which crush young hearts. Up to the present time Willie had not known what it was to grieve; but fate had a heavy blow in store for him.

Guided by the barking of Carlo, he and the negro saw an overturned wagon in the road.

Lifting up their lanterns, they further beheld the body of a lady, who had evidently been thrown out when the carriage was upset.

One glance sufficed to show Willie that it was his mother.

In in instant he was kneeling down in the road by her side, and calling her endearing names.

All his efforts to make her speak were fruitless.

Blood was flowing from a wound in the head, and it appeared, as well as he could ascertain by a cursory inspection, that the skull was badly fractured.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, in beseeching tones, "speak to me! It is your own Willie!"

He seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

The flesh was growing cold.

"Oh, Heaven!" he exclaimed, "she is dying!"

No one ever knew how the accident happened; but it was supposed that Dolly, on her way home, took fright and overturned the wagon, throwing Mrs. Hill out on her head.

Cozy Nook was situated in such a secluded spot that the Hills had no near neighbors.

It was necessary to carry the injured lady to her house.

Goliah stooped down and picked up the body, while Willie followed him, weeping bitterly.

It was a melancholy walk back to the house.

Many a time had he tramped blithely along that road, whistling as he went to school.

How changed was all now!

Death, cruel, hard, final, had stepped in between him and his happiness when its presence was least suspected.

In half an hour the cottage was reached, and Mrs. Hill placed on a bed.

Birdie Merlin comprehended all in a moment.

"Poor Willie!" she murmured.

"Take a saddle on Dolly and ride for the doctor!" cried Willie to the negro.

Goliah shook his head, sadly.

"Bress de Lord!" he replied, "de doctor do no good heah, sah. Missus gone de long journey!"

He seized Willie's hand on her heart as he spoke, and the boy perceived that all pulsation had stopped.

She could not have suffered pain, for she must have died instantly.

Willie's grief was pitiable to witness.

He would not leave the room, insisting upon staying with the body.

Goliah started off to inform Birdie Merlin's aunt where she was, and to summon the nearest neighbors.

Near the house he happened to meet Doctor Scott, who had been visiting a patient some distance off.

The doctor at once accompanied him to the house, and was greatly shocked at what he saw.

We will pass over the next three days, during which preparation were made for the funeral.

When his mother's remains were laid in their last resting-place in the little cemetery at Manasquan, Willie was wild with grief.

Doctor Scott, as the oldest and nearest friend of the family, determined to take him to his own house.

Consequently Cozy Nook was shut up. The house was sold, and Willie, with Goliah and Carlo, removed to the doctor's.

In a few weeks the severity of the shock wore off, and, though he seldom smiled, Willie became more like his former self.

Birdie did all in her power to comfort him, and her companionship lightened his grief very much.

One day he went up to the doctor, who was compounding some medicines in his surgery.

"Ah!" said Doctor Scott, "just the very man I want. Let's see how you can work a pestle and mortar."

"I didn't come here to work, sir, but to talk," replied Willie.

"Well, I can do both."

Willie seized the pestle and began pounding away at some hard crystals.

"What is the important communication you wish to make to me?" asked Doctor Scott. "Something about baseball, I'll wager."

"No, sir."

"Then you want a boat to sail in on Barnegat Bay."

"Wrong again. I want to go to sea."

"Go to sea! Bless me, I wanted to make a doctor of you."

"You'll never do it, sir," replied Willie. "My tastes don't run in that direction, and I feel that I cannot lead a settled life. I must wander about."

"Instincts of a gypsy!"

"Call it what you like, it exists, and though I am deeply thankful to you for your kindness, I cannot stay here."

Willie spoke decisively, and the doctor saw he was in earnest.

"What would your father say to that?" he asked.

"Scarcely is rather a wild sort of life, isn't it?"

"I shan't be always at sea, sir," replied Willie, "for I mean to cruise about on land. In fact, Africa is my destination, and I am sure that my father would like to have me with him, if I could find him."

The doctor was as much astonished at this declaration as poor Mrs. Hill had been.

"Going to Africa?" he said.

"Yes. I'll work my passage out."

"Going among savages and cannibals and wild beasts! You will find all those thing in the neighborhood of the Congo, where I believe your father is supposed to be."

"I'm not afraid," replied Willie.

"You've got considerable courage for a boy of your age, I must say."

Willie drew himself up proudly.

"I am a missionary's son," he exclaimed, "and a soldier of the cross is as brave as the man who will march up to the muzzle of a cannon amid the smoke of a battle-field."

"Well said. Brave! I like your pluck," answered Doctor Scott. "But I'd a thousand times rather have you stay home with me. What shall I do with Cozy Nook?"

"Let it or sell it, and keep the money for father and me when we come back."

"Very well."

"Then it is settled I can go?"

"I suppose you must, if you have made up your mind. You see, I have no legal control over you," said the doctor. "Your father is away. The society that sent him out paid your mother one half the salary they gave him. They now pay it to me for you. I am a self-appointed guardian, as your mother died so suddenly she could not appoint any. Yes, I suppose you must go."

"Where can I get a ship, sir?"

"I'll inquire in New York to-morrow," replied the good-natured doctor.

Willie had made up his mind to suffer any amount of hardship to carry out his pet idea.

He could guess pretty well that a ship's boy usually received what the sailors called monkey's allowance, or more kicks than halfpence.

For this he did not care.

The prospect contained no terrors for him, and he only regretted one thing, which was that he would have to leave Birdie Merlin.

As we know, they were greatly attached to one another.

Still he would be back again in a year or two, if he ever came back at all.

Perhaps his bones would repose in some unknown spot on that dark continent which for him possessed so strong a fascination.

When he had thoroughly pounded the crystals, he laid down the pestle and went out.

In the garden, planting early potatoes, was Goliah.

"I'm going to sea!" he exclaimed.

The negro dropped a handful of seed potatoes and regarded him with amazement.

"Dat so, sah?" he replied.

"What object should I have in telling you if it wasn't?"

"By golly, Marse Will, dis chile go 'long too."

Willie was much pleased at this friendly declaration, because he felt that Goliah would be a protector as well as a companion

He had not liked to ask him to come, because that would have been demanding a sacrifice he had no right to expect.

"Doctor Scot," he remarked, "is going to find a ship, and you can engage as a deck-hand on her."

"What you gwine to sail to, sah?"

"Africa."

"Dat's de place whar all de culled folks comed from, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Ki! p'raps I meet some ob my long-lost relashuns," said Goliah, laughing.

"I hope so."

"De family ob de Goliahs very ancient, sah! Dey go back nearly as far as de ole man Noah."

"I wonder if we could take Carlo with us?"

The mention of his name the dog, who had been asleep in the sun hard by, woke up and licked his master's hand.

"Poor old fellow," continued Willie, "I believe he knows what I said."

"Dat 'ere sush. Pity um can't talk," replied Goliah. "Heap ob intelligence in dat creetur', Marse Will. S'pose we skip him as de boss ob de dog-watch?"

Willie smiled and went to Birdie Merlin's house to tell her that he was going away.

Birdie was enjoying herself in a swing under an apple-tree in the garden of her aunt's house.

The pleasant Spring-time had produced sweet-smelling flowers, whose fragrance floated on the breeze.

"Oh, Willie!" she exclaimed, "give me a nice soup. I never could swing myself real good."

"I'm going to Africa, after all, Birdie," he replied.

"You naughty boy," she said. "But you don't mean it?"

"Indeed I do."

"The lions will eat you, or if they don't, the cannibals will."

"I'll take my chance."

"What shall I do? I shall have no one to walk out with, no one to care for, and worse still, there will be no letters, for if I know anything about Africa, I am sure it has no post-offices."

"I'll give you my photo and a lock of my hair, Birdie."

"Don't joke. I feel this, Willie, more than you do," she replied.

Willie tried to console her, but she would not be comforted.

She wanted him to remain at Manasquan, but he would not do it.

At length he said he must go back to the doctor's, and for the first time they parted coldly.

Doctor Scott was as good as his word.

He found a vessel going to Sierra Leone, and he arranged with the captain for Willie to work his passage out to the coast of Africa.

It was an ordinary merchantman of about one thousand registered tons burden, called the *Good Hope*, and carried a crew of thirty men, all told.

Captain Manning agreed to take Goliah and Carlo; a present of a new chronometer from the doctor inducing him to do the latter favor to our hero.

Willie took leave of all his friends in Manasquan, and called upon Birdie to wish her good-by, but her aunt said she was from home, and he could not find her anywhere.

It was impossible for him to wait, as he had to be on board the ship at a certain time.

Had he not been for this he would have searched everywhere for her, as he dearly loved Birdie, and it almost broke his heart to go away without seeing her. Yet time and tide wait for no man.

Doctor Scott accompanied him to the ship, which was to sail at five o'clock in the evening.

Willie received a hundred dollars from his kind friend, who, as he left him on board, said:

"Be true to yourself, my boy, wherever you are, and in whatever circumstance you may be."

"I am a missionary's son," replied Willie, "as I had the honor of remarking once before."

"Well, I shall hope to see you and your father before long, and in the meantime I will do the best I can with your little property. God bless you, my boy!"

"Thank you, sir."

"Good-by!"

"Good-by!" said Willie.

There was a warm hand-shaking and they parted. It was four o'clock in the afternoon.

In an hour the tide served and the *Good Hope* sailed for her far-off destination.

The usual bustle, hurry and preparation was observable on all sides. Freight was being brought on board at even that late hour, and the officers of the ship were shouting to the stevedore and his men, while the crew were vainly trying to become disciplined at short notice.

The bine-peter was flying in the breeze, and half an hour after the time set for sailing the gallant vessel set her sails to the breeze, swung out of the dock and went down the bay.

When the stars came out she was through the Narrows, and when the moon rose she had passed the Hook, where her pilot took leave of her.

For the first two days due allowance was made for the green hands, who always suffer more or less from sea-sickness.

At the expiration of that time Willie found his sea-legs, was able to eat a ship's biscuit, washed down by a cup of coffee, and reported himself fit for duty.

It is not our purpose to describe the routine of Willie's life on shipboard. He had to work, and work hard, for small pay and coarse food. But he did what he was told to do without a murmur, and to the best of his ability.

Goliah and Carlo were great favorites with the crew, but Willie was moody and thoughtful, doing his work and not mixing much with any one.

He was thinking of Birdie.

It was his opinion that she had kept out of the way purpo-sly, to avoid wishing him good-by.

"I wish I'd seen her," he said aloud.

The second mate was coming along with a basin of pea-soup, which he had just procured from the galley.

"What's that you say, youngster?" he asked.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Willie, touching his cap. "I was talking to myself."

"Bad habit, that."

"It was nothing wrong, sir. I was only wishing that I had seen my sweetheart before I sailed."

"Oh, you'll get over that."

"Not in a hurry, sir."

"You are too young to cherish a sentimental weakness."

"Excuse me, sir," said Willie. "If I'd seen her I was only going to ask her to put some flowers on mother's grave while I was away."

The mate looked at him curiously.

He thought the boy was either a very extraordinary one or a hypocrite, as he had not before come in contact with one who spoke so nicely and so feelingly.

"If you have such a good disposition," he remarked, "take this bowl of soup into the fo'castle."

"Yes, sir."

"You will find a lad in one of the for'ard bunks who's half dead with sea-sickness. Tell him to rouse and lit, or I'll be after him with a rope's-end!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied Willie.

He took the soup into the forecastle, and a deep groaning made him aware of the presence of some one who was suffering greatly.

Lying in a bunk was a boy, whom he had not noticed before.

For some days he had been prostrated by sickness, and had touched no food.

No one had taken any notice of him, and it was only by mustering the crew and calling the roll that the mate knew there was a boy aboard.

A boy on board a ship does not amount to much.

"Wake up!" exclaimed Willie. "I've brought you something to do you good."

"Oh, thank you, so much!" replied the boy, in a feminine voice.

He raised himself up in the bunk.

The light fell upon his features, and Willie uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why!" he added, "it is—and yet—it can't be!"

The sick boy simply smiled, and said:

"Willie?"

"Birdie! Is it you, disguised like this?"

"It is all that's left of me!" was the answer.

"This horrid sea-voyage has nearly killed me!"

It was, indeed, Birdie Merlin, in the dress of a sailor-boy.

"What made you do this?" asked Willie.

"Love, affection, the devotion of one fond heart for another," answered Birdie.

"You cared so much for me?"

"I did, indeed. When you said you were going to Africa, I asked Doctor Scott the name of the ship, and I ran away from auntie. I bought these clothes, and they hired me to help on the ship."

"Why didn't you ask for me before?"

"I was too ill. Oh, Willie! give me the soup and save my life!"

Willie handed her the bowl, in which some toasted bread was floating, and Birdie eat it all.

"I feel better now," she said. "Come and feed me again, Willie. Don't let those horrid men worry me."

Willie looked angry.

"If they do they'll have to talk to me," he replied.

"The mate said he'd rope's-end me if I didn't get up. What's rope's-ending one mean, Willie?"

"Whipping you with a tarred rope."

"Don't let him do it."

"Not much, Birdie. Keep still. I'll fix things all right for you, and be sure you don't give yourself away."

"I wouldn't, for the world, to any one but you, dear. Keep my secret!"

"You needn't ask me," said Willie.

"Is all the 'family' on board?" she queried.

"Whom do you mean?"

"Goliah and the dog."

"Oh, yes. Carlo is a great favorite, and Goliah seems to get on splendidly with the crew."

"I'm so glad. He will protect me."

"You just bet he will," replied Willie, whose faith in Goliah was unlimited.

The boatswain's shrill whistle now called him on deck.

He ran up the ladder, marveling much at the strong love this girl bore him, for it had induced her to leave home and friends to accompany him in his search for the brave missionary who had been lost so long in the African Bush.

In a day or two Birdie got well enough to get up and do her share of the work without attracting any special attention.

She had cut her hair short, and was looked upon as a pretty, delicate boy, and to the credit of the crew be it said, she was not overtaxed.

The ship was bound for the west coast of Africa.

She crossed the Atlantic safely, but when she neared her destination she encountered severe weather.

One night a gale of wind arose, which increased to a hurricane before morning.

All night long and all the succeeding day the storm raged with terrific violence.

The mainmast was carried by the board, and the foremast followed.

On the second night ensued a scene of horror.

The sea washed over the decks, carrying away four men and the first officer.

A heavy sea broke the rudder and washed away the binnacle, so that the *Good Hope* rode dismantled at the mercy of the waves.

The captain got out of his reckoning, and the crew broke into the hold, broached a cask of spirits, and defied the elements while they got drunk.

It was supposed that the vessel was somewhere near the coast of Africa, but how near no one could tell.

For twenty-four hours she drifted like a log on the water, the sport of the wind and the ocean.

The captain fruitlessly tried to rouse the crew to a sense of their duty, but they answered him with oaths and jeers.

One man more reckless than the rest, struck him on the head with a belaying-pin, prostrating him senseless and bleeding on the deck.

When the officers endeavored to interfere they were equally badly treated, one of them being thrown overboard.

After this the orgie progressed unchecked.

Willie led Birdie away from the horrid scene, and Goliah, with Carlo by his side, watched carefully, lest any harm should befall his young friends.

The ship at last came within sight of land, and as the wind was blowing in that direction, it was a certainty that she would be wrecked.

A long, low-lying coast was revealed to view.

The waves had somewhat subsided, and it occurred to Willie that it was possible to launch a boat.

He communicated his idea to Goliah, who agreed with him.

The sailors were lying around the deck and in the cabins in various states of drunkenness.

No opposition was to be apprehended from them.

They were going like sheep to the slaughter, and they had brought their fate upon themselves.

Willie placed a quantity of stores in the boat, such as bags of biscuit, salt beef, pork, and canned meats. Then they lowered it successfully from the davits and embarked.

"I hate to leave these misguided men," said Willie, indicating the crew with a gesture of the hand.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature," replied Birdie.

"Just so. I think I have had the frequent satisfaction of writing that in a copy-book."

"Probably. I know I have."

"Shove her off, old ebony," exclaimed Willie, taking an oar. "You will have to steer, Birdie."

"It wouldn't be the first time," she rejoined. "Let us think this is Barnegat Bay."

"It wouldn't it require some slight stretch of the imagination?"

"Imaginations are elastic," replied Willie.

Goliah seized the bow-oar, and the little boat was soon speeding toward the shore.

A heavy surf was breaking on the beach, but carried on the top of a huge wave, the boat landed safely.

"Thank God for that!" cried Willie, who assisted Birdie to land, while Goliah drew the boat further up the sand.

They were, undoubtedly, on the coast of Africa, but whereabout none of them knew.

Before them was an extent of country sparsely wooded, the palm-tree predominating.

The sun was scorchingly hot, it being but one hour after noon.

"Oh!" suddenly exclaimed Birdie.

"What's the matter—snakes?" asked Willie.

"Such selfish things as we are! We have forgotten Carlo."

It was a fact.

In their hurry they had not bestowed a thought on their dumb but faithful companion.

"Reckon de dog knows how to swim," said Goliah.

"Anyhow," remarked Willie, "we will wait here and see if we can rescue any of the crew of the *Good Hope* when she strikes, as she soon must."

They retreated under the shade of a palm-tree to avoid the excessive heat.

Before the sun went down the unlucky vessel was cast among the breakers, and became a total wreck.

The sailors, when it was too late, endeavored to save themselves.

Not a man reached the shore alive.

Carlo, however, saved himself, and was gladly welcomed.

In such a surf it was impossible to launch the boat, and all that Willie and the negro could do was to look on and drag the corpses upon the sand as they were cast up by the waves.

The sight was a sickening one.

Having no spades, they could not dig a grave, and the dead bodies of the poor men were left to bleach and fester in the sun.

The following day Willie and Goliah took such provisions as they could carry, and Birdie slung over her frail shoulders a keg of water.

They then started for the interior, it being useless to remain on the coast.

Willie was in search of his father, and though Africa was a big place, he intended to find him if he were still living.

CHAPTER III.

THE GRATEFUL SLAVE.

FOR three days they traveled under a clear sky, and in a hot, dry air.

They marched over hilly and well-wooded country, encountering patches of dense jungle, in which, from the cries they heard at night, it was judged that wild beasts lurked.

Their arms consisted only of pistols and knives, with well filled belts of cartridges.

It was Willie's hope that they would come across some village where they could make friends with the natives.

If the Reverend Mr. Hill was anywhere in this section he was sure to be widely known.

There was the expectation, too, that they might meet a caravan, or party of traders, coming to the coast with gold-dust, ivory, or palm-oil.

The country, however, appeared to be uninhabited, for they did not come across any sign of human life.

On the evening of the third day they camped under a shady knoll, on the bank of a little stream.

They were growing tired and discouraged.

"I'm going down the stream to bathe," said Willie, "for I feel for all the world like a walking sand-bag."

Quitting his party, he walked along the bank about a quarter of a mile, when his progress was arrested by the sound of a heavy whip cracking through the air.

It was followed by a loud cry.

Something was then said in a loud, commanding voice, in a language he did not understand, after which another person exclaimed, plaintively:

"Oh, Lord! is there no help for Thy servant?"

This short but touching prayer was uttered in English, and in a tone of Christian resignation.

Willie was greatly surprised at hearing such words in the African wilderness.

Pressing forward, he beheld a couple of men, who had apparently just crossed the stream.

One was dragging the other after him at the end of a rope, while he poured imprecations on his head, and occasionally stimulated him to greater exertions by an application to his back and shoulders of a long strip of raw-hide, which served him as a whip.

The prisoner, or slave, was weary and footsore, being scarcely able to drag one foot after the other.

His appeals for mercy were disregarded.

Willie felt his generous blood boil at this continued ill-treatment, and he determined to rescue the hapless wretch.

The slave's hands were tied behind his back, and to each wrist was attached a rope, while a third rope was fastened round his neck, so that he could be pulled up short if he was restive, it being easy to half choke him.

In one hand the master had the end of the different ropes, and a spear, in the other he held the whip, in the use of which he seemed to delight.

Every time his slave yelled with pain a look of savage satisfaction stole over the capturer's face.

Drawing his revolver, Willie dashed forward.

"Halt!" he cried, in a tone of authority.

On beholding the white boy the man with the spear did not hesitate to hurl the weapon at him with exceeding force.

Willie slipped on one side, and the dangerous weapon passed within a couple of inches of his right ear.

It was a narrow escape.

Immediately Willie discharged his pistol, without, however, taking aim, for he was too humane to wish to shed blood.

In fact, he had determined that if he should come in contact with the natives, in angry collision, he would not kill one of them, unless he had to do so in self-defense and to save his own life.

The effect of the pistol shot was remarkable.

Clapping his hands behind him, as if he had been hurt, the native dropped the ropes and ran off at the top of his speed.

He did not stop until he was a long way off, and then only to take a hurried look back, after which he ran on again till he was out of sight.

Meanwhile the slave had crawled on his hands and knees to his deliverer.

"Get up, my man," said Willie. "I sha'n't eat you."

"Monamunza know that," replied the man, getting up and standing before Willie with downcast eyes.

"How do you know it?"

"White man never eat mans. Told not in Bible book, by Great Spirit up there."

Monamunza, as he called himself, pointed up to the sky, which was one extended sheet of cerulean hue.

"Where did you learn your religion?" inquired Willie.

"Me Christian mans."

"Is that so?"

"White missionary mans come to Tipo-Tipo, where I live."

At these words Willie's heart began to beat wildly.

Was it possible that this poor, forlorn creature, whom he had so happily rescued, could give him news of his father?

He felt that it was possible, and rejoiced thereat.

For some moments his emotion was so great that he could scarcely speak.

"What was his name?" he inquired, at length.

"Good mans. Monamunza only call him that."

"Where is he now?"

"Great long way. Place call Kasongo. Many much peoples there. Sankorra, the king, tell him not preachee so muchee or cut head off."

"Then he is in danger?"

"Perhaps head off now. Sankorra bad mans. White man too good. He teachee me to read Bible-book."

Willie now saw how the slave had obtained his knowledge of English.

Monamunza went on to say that he lived at Tipo-Tipo, which meant the village on the lake, which was about fifty miles off.

"Two—three day journey," explained Mona, adding, "I out hunting, slave-dealers come by. They catch me. My master and I get separated. I footsore; then he beat me because we not catch up with party."

"Will you take me to your village, Mona?" asked Willie.

"Yes; take anywhere. You save Monamunza. He your slave now."

"Oh, no. It is wrong to have slaves. No man should ever hold another in bondage."

"Then Mona take you all same."

"I would like to go to Kasongo to see the white man who preached and taught you to read the Good Book."

Monamunza shook his head.

"Come to Tipo-Tipo first," he replied. "Sankorra much bad king. Cutiee off head too muchee. Yes."

"Well, we will talk about that afterward. Come to my camp, have something to eat, and rest yourself," said Willie.

The black inclined his head in token of gratitude.

As he passed the spot where the spear had fallen, he picked it up, appearing much delighted at finding it, and brandishing it in the air in a way which showed he knew how to use it, if need were.

When they got near the camping-spot, Willie was startled by hearing a terrible shriek.

A hurried glance showed him it proceeded from Birdie.

The reason was soon apparent.

She was flying at the best speed she could make, her face blanched with terror and her hair streaming behind her, while but a few yards in the rear was an enormous lion.

Goliah had started in pursuit, but he was a long way behind.

It appeared as if Birdie had started to meet Willie, and that the lion, who had been going to drink at the stream, had perceived her and given chase.

Willie did not know what to do.

He was placed in a most perplexing position.

To fire at the lion would be to run the risk of hitting Birdie, and even if he had fired with a pistol it was not likely that the bullet would seriously injure the king of beasts.

Yet there was no time to be lost.

Something must be done and that quickly, or Birdie would be dragged to the ground, torn, mangled, bleeding.

At this critical juncture Monamunza, spear in hand, darted forward and uttered a wild, piercing cry.

The lion paused to look at the bold intruder on his domain.

Birdie's strength was exhausted. She fainted away, and fell senseless on the ground.

(To be continued.)

PERILOUS KITE-FLYING.

SOME time ago Anthony Whiteman, aged nine years, while flying a kite on the roof of his residence, No. 26 Barrow Street, New York, fell from the roof to the yard, a distance of five stories, and received serious internal injuries. At about the same time James Brendley, aged fourteen, who was amusing himself in a similar manner on the roof of No. 49 First Avenue, fell to the sidewalk, a distance of over sixty feet, but escaped with a fractured arm and severe bruises.

HENS AS PARLOR BOARDERS.

A RICH and eccentric old lady in New Haven, keeps her hens in the parlor, and feeds them on jelly-cake and English walnuts.

AN EOCENTRIC SAN FRANCISCO DANDY.

AS the eccentricities of genius are ever interesting, we are pleased to mention an excellent gentleman of San Francisco, whose costume owns two beautiful and peculiar features. These are a very gorgeous necktie several yards long, whose ends float behind him like the Star-spangled Banner, and a large stick of brilliantly variegated candy, resembling an infant barber's-pole, projecting from his mouth. Wherever he goes he is accompanied by these charms, and a consequent triumphal procession of boys. If it were not for the necktie, we should suppose him to be simply possessed by a deadly animosity toward the youth of his city in thus inflicting upon them the role of Tantalus.

FLOATING TO FORTUNE;

Or,

Which was the Hero?

By JAMES REYNOLDS,

Author of "Blundering Ben," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EN ROUTE.

AT an early hour of the next morning, while it was yet cool compared to the temperature they would experience before midday, the señor, with his little following, now mounted on the small horses of the country, but accompanied by a pretty strong body of his male servants, all armed, of course, with the *machete*, proceeded across a level plain toward Leon.

A three hours' pleasant ride brought them to the old capital of Nicaragua.

Tom was surprised at the splendor of the place. To be sure, he had seen infinitely finer and larger buildings, but no such structure devoted to religious uses as its massive cathedral, with its fine towers and richly endowed basilica. The bishop's palace, he also noticed, had a fine frontage, as had many other houses, public and private, particularly in and near its grand plaza or public square, where, in times long past, full-baiting had been permitted.

"You appear to admire Leon," said Señor Gonzalez, "meanly as it must compare with New York or Brooklyn, or even the most inconsiderable of your cities."

"I certainly do," Tom promptly answered.

"It was founded on the site of an old Indian village," continued Gonzales, taking up an old political lamentation, "named Subtiaba; and it should, from the richness of the surrounding country, its nearness to the Pacific on one side, and its accessibility to the Atlantic on the other side, be the centre of a thriving trade, and so correspondingly increase in population, importance and wealth. But, save a few manufactories devoted principally to the making of leather, cutlery and a few other things, it is inert. Many of its people are rich, however, and like all Spaniards, or those of pure creole descent, are exceedingly haughty. But we will proceed. Our course is still westward. Our home lies nearer the Pacific."

"I will take an opportunity to become better acquainted with Leon," thought Tom, "if I remain long in the service of the señor as his secretary."

The level country continued, and when eighteen miles from Leon the señor, heading the cavalcade, entered an inclosure on the outskirts of Chinendagua, from which stretched a broad avenue, shaded by noble tropical trees, including Campeachy and Brazil wood, the caroo, the cotton-wood, the mahogany and many other growths, whose limbs spread almost from side to side of the road, and were richly clothed with leaves, not least among them the palm, with outshoots of from four to six feet in length.

Up this avenue the party proceeded until they reached the dwelling, which was similar, though much larger, than that of the hacienda they had left at sunrise.

On the following day Tom Burt, accompanied by Isabella and Isola, visited the old town of Chinendagua.

He found it, with few exceptions, composed of one-story huts, put up in the most primitive manner. In the plaza was the church, very much dilapidated, however. In the rear, and skirting one side of the square, were the barracks, a long, low structure, built of adobes, around which half a dozen bare-footed, ununiformed soldiers were lounging. To the south and west was the residence of the commandant of the district, and beyond the barracks, up a narrow street, and fenced in by cacti, was the house of the priest. The town is divided by a stream of quite cold water, that appears to originate in the mountains to the northward and eastward, and which give evidences of former volcanic activity.

The ride of the party continued over a very fair road, which led, in almost a straight line, to the port of Realejo.

At the port nothing was to be seen save a long stone building, near the end of a narrow dyke, shaded by trees, dignified as the Custom House,

and near by the cabins of the men who act as pilots for incoming and outgoing vessels—whose visits, like those of Angels, are rare enough—or who fish in the bay or in the sea beyond.

Learning at the Custom House that a steamship was at anchor in the harbor, he expressed a desire to visit it.

His companions were at first alarmed, lest he intended to desert them and return to his northern home.

When, however, he saw the pleading in Isabella's and the tears in Isola's eyes, he smiled, and said with a laugh:

"Do not be alarmed, ladies; I will not desert you in such a fashion. Now that I am here, in your country, I will remain until you sicken of me. I propose visiting the vessel and there writing a brief note, to be mailed by the purser at Panama for New York. Come with me; perhaps it may prove a pleasure for you to see an American steamship."

They gladly assented to the proposal.

Entering a small rowboat, they were taken through the natural dyke, or canal, to the bay, which is distant about half a mile.

A little further out was the dark hull of the stranger, the smoke pouring out of her flues, and seemingly ready to proceed on her journey southward.

She was crowded with passengers returning to the States.

On coming alongside Tom, made known his presence, and was, with his companions, invited on board.

The invitation was, of course, unhesitatingly accepted.

To the captain of the vessel Tom briefly told his history of a month, and requested permission to write to his friends.

It was instantly accorded.

While engaged in preparing his letters, which we have already been made acquainted with through the junior, Isabella and Isola employed their knowledge of English to excellent advantage. They were conducted through the important departments of the ship.

The sisters were astounded as well as pleased.

As they subsequently declared to Tom, they had no idea of the vastness of such ships, nor of the massiveness of the machinery required to propel them.

And now, for nearly three years, Tom Burt resided with the family of Gonzalez, to whom and to his daughters he had by his manliness and untiring devotion to their interests made himself absolutely indispensable.

He was beloved by all.

Gonzalez regarded him as a dear son.

Isabella confided to him as a dear brother.

It must be confessed that Isola, who was h's junior by two years, entertained for him in the depths of her heart tenderer emotions. These, however, she effectually concealed for a season.

He acquired a knowledge of the language in a few months, and so readily adapted himself to the manners of the people, who learned to regard Señor Tomaso as one of themselves.

And thus, in perfect contentment, the months rolled over the heads of the little family, and the seasons came and passed almost unnoticed.

The monotony was broken into by occasional visits to Leon, from which city, one day, a handsome *hombre*, who boasted blood of the finest hidalgo order of Castile, came to the hacienda, and, when he left, took the lustrous-eyed Isabella away with him, and for ever.

Her absence made the pleasant home of her childhood very lonely for Isola, and she clung all the closer to her companion, Tom Burt, who was now almost constantly her companion.

Then, one afternoon, after *siesta*, and while seated under the far-extending veranda, playing with Nero, who was the pet of all, and who was growing old and fat and lazy in a climate that had greatly debilitated his constitution, Tom felt a sudden longing for his native land.

He would give a fortune to revisit New York, to shake the hands of Dick Price, to look in Alice's sweet eyes, so like Isola's, and to again call Ruth St. John his mother!

With this thought predominating, he turned toward Señor Gonzalez, who was at his usual employment, smoking a cigarette, and said:

"Señor, I shall leave for New York by the very next steamship bound southward that visits Realejo."

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed the señor, dropping his cigar to the ground as if he had received an electric shock in the hands. "What are we to do without you? No, no, my dear boy," he continued, in a tender strain, "it was hard to part with Isabella, whom I can at any time see by mounting my horse and running up to Leon. But you, Tom; no, the very thought unmans me! I should die without your presence in a month. Look! look, Tom, at Isola! How pale she is! See, she has fainted! *Caramba!*"

As he spoke, the señor sprang to the side of his daughter.

He was in time to prevent her falling to the ground.

"Yes, she has fainted," Tom murmured. "How wan, how ghost-like she looks!"

Then he hastened within the dwelling and took from the medicine-chest a flask of ammonia. He also secured a basin of water, and, calling on one of the women to follow him, returned without delay to the assistance of the unconscious girl.

He bathed her temples with water, and applied the ammonia to her nostrils while her father rubbed her hands vigorously.

Finally she opened her eyes and the pitiful look she gave poor Tom, as the woman carried her to her chamber, went straight to his heart. With that look came a revelation that was before as a misty, undefined dream to him. He was in love with Isola!

"Yes," he pondered, as he resumed his seat, "Isola loves me other than as a brother; and I feel as if I would indeed be alone in the world without her. I'll speak to the señor at once. If he consents, as I now am fully persuaded she will, we may yet continue as one family, and be, what he has often called me, his son, indeed."

"These women," said the señor, after he had mastered his own excitement, "*Caramba!* These women fall into a fainting fit on the slightest occasion. Isabella is the only one I ever saw that would n't faint when a little excited. *Caramba!*—It was your remarks about your leaving us that started her. See what terrible injury you would inflict upon her if you left us! Tom, my son," he continued, in his impulsive way, "I'll bet all my property against a monkey that that girl of mine loves you—ay, to the death."

Tom smiled, and said:

"And I, sir—I know I love her!"

The señor sprang to his feet, gave a shout of joy, and then he drew Tom to his heart, he gave him a fearful embrace.

"*Caramba!* I'm glad to hear this! Now you shall be my boy, indeed. This is worth ten thousand dollars to me."

"Is," said Tom, releasing himself from the grip of the señor, "suppose she cares not for me—save as a brother?"

"*Caramba!* the minx, but she does!" the señor replied. "If she don't, she's different from any girl I know of who is acquainted with you!"

Tom laughed heartily at this sally, and hastened within the residence.

That evening, when it was quite dark—only the stars shining in the arching sky—Tom Burt found himself seated by the side of Isola.

They were alone.

He took one of her hands in his.

This he had done a thousand times before, but now he felt it shrink and tremble in his.

"Isola," he said, softly, as he drew her unresistingly to his heart.

Then came the old, old story, and when it was ended no brother's kiss rested on her lips. Instead, there was imprinted the passionate seal of the awakened love.

Isola did not faint upon hearing Tom's declaration. She was too happy for that.

Her heart sang merrily the maiden song of accepted love.

A month later Señor Gonzalez and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Burt enrolled their names on the passenger list of a steamship bound for Panama, on their way to New York, via the Isthmus of Darien, Aspinwall, and Havana.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH THE CURTAIN FALLS.

RICHARD PRICE, Junior, had a peculiarity, an eccentricity which had influenced his conduct from almost his earliest years—and that was his total inability to sleep, or even lie in his bed, no matter how cold or stormy the night, when the fire-bells rang an alarm.

No matter how near or far the scene of the conflagration, the junior would, with the first dong of the great bell of the City Hall, spring out of his comfortable couch, "jump into his boots and clothes," and be off like a burning rocket for the place of danger.

There he would stand, deeply interested in the battle that raged between water and flame until the latter was subdued, and then he would return to his "nest" and to sleep, as highly pleased with what he had seen as if he had sat through some grand and costly spectacle at a theatre.

And sometimes striking events came into juxtaposition.

On this, the last night of our story, three events occurred to those who have moved in it that were of great moment to all, and but for the happening of which its relation might have required the introduction of many additional chapters.

Let us relate them in their order:

First, Tom Burt, now in his twenty-first year, with his young and beautiful wife, and the Señor Gonzalez, arrived in the port of New York; and, upon landing, immediately engaged a hack to convey them to the residence of Mrs. St. John, in South Oxford Street, No. 993—which address Tom had long had in his possession, derived, of course, through correspondence with that lady.

Second, the junior had, at the close of a contest with Miss Mattie Price about an advance of money, out of which she of course came victor, retired to his chamber and tumbled himself into bed; and, after a season of grumbling about sisters coming into the world expressly to rob brothers of their money to buy ribbons with, he fell into a sleep which, however profound it might have been, was not destined to last many minutes, for the great bell of Brooklyn rang its warning of fire, telling the number of the district, which happened to be that in which was the home of the St. Johns.

Third, it was not only within their district, but it actually was their house!

As the bell struck its alarm, the hack in which were our Central American friends landed from the ferry-boat *Union*, and was driven up Fulton Street on its way to South Oxford Street.

And as the carriage landed and the bell rang out its always dreaded note, Dick Price awoke from his deep sleep, and as he jumped out of his warm bed, he cried: "By George! that is the one hundredth district. It's near the St. Johns'!"

In another moment he was in his boots, in his trowsers, in his coat, and with his hat in which was the home of the St. Johns. Third, it was not only within their district, but it actually was their house!

AN ECCENTRIC SAN FRANCISCO DANDY.—SEE PAGE 179.

firmly pressed on his head, was tumbling down the stairs of the paternal mansion, thence into the street. There he met an engine, and knowing its foreman, jumped upon it, while yet it was going fireward at break-neck pace.

At that point of Fulton Street where Adams Street intersects it, they overtook a carriage, also being driven rapidly, and Tom Burt, looking at the passing fire-engine, saw one whose face was, he thought, familiar to him.

"That's Dick; I'm certain," he murmured.

But before he could obtain a second look at his face the engine, drawn by a span of powerful horses, had forged ahead on its way to the scene of conflagration.

Scarcely had the engine drawn up in the vicinity of the St. Johns' residence when the junior was on his feet and making his way with all haste toward it.

A cordon of police had already been placed on each side of the street to keep people out of harm's way, to give the firemen an opportunity to work, and keep the thieves from plundering exposed property.

Just as the junior reached the line of police, fortunately striking it where the sergeant in command was standing, and whom he well knew, a sheet of flame burst from the upper story. It rose with such heat and volume that it swept over the roof like a great wave, setting it on fire.

In the open space he saw Mrs. St. John, apparently in great agony, and looking at the building.

He looked around for Alice.

She was not with her mother!

His hair began to rise and stand like bristles upon his head.

"Sergeant," he said, "they're not all there?"

"No," said the officer. "It is feared that a young lady has been lost in the building—burnt to death or smothered. Yes! see!" he added, suddenly. "Look! my God, she will perish. There is no escape for her—that young girl!"

Richard Price caught the form and face of the apparition at the window as the sergeant spoke. Mrs. St. John also saw her, and gave a harrowing shriek as she vainly stretched forth her arms, then sinking insensible to the pavement.

"Oh, God! Alice! Alice! my daughter, save her!" was her agonized prayer.

Dick sprang past the officer, as he cried:

"Alice! my darling! Two lives or——"

The sergeant put out a hand to check him, but just as he touched his shoulder the junior ran forward, leaped like a flash through the clear space, and like a shadow glided into the consuming structure, now filled with smoke and flame from cellar to attic.

But Dick Price was cool, withal.

He would save Alice or perish with her, he had resolved.

He fell upon his knees, and in this manner succeeded in obtaining an occasional breath of air, while he hastened up the stairs. Thence he made his way to the apartment in which the girl now lay, wholly unconscious.

Already in this room the forked tongues of the flames were playing as a cat would with a mouse, and ready to devour its victim.

Between him and Alice Dick saw that the floor had been consumed, and only charred beams, that would presently give way, was the bridge he must attempt.

Beneath him was the all-devouring fire, raging like angry billows in a storm—leaping hither and thither.

"We shall perish together, Alice," Dick said, for he now thought there was no hope for either.

The chamber was comparatively clear of smoke.

He could breathe freely, and at times see distinctly.

The building trembled and swayed.

"Great God! it is about to fall! We shall be buried in its ruins!" he murmured.

He made a desperate leap.

He cleared the chasm.

He was by the side of Alice.

Without pause or comment he lifted her slender form—she was still in a deep swoon—in his strong arms.

As he rose to his feet, a sheet of flame passed over his head. It singed his hair, blistering and burning the scalp.

He scarcely felt the pain, so deeply absorbed was he in his effort to save the girl.

"Now for it, Alice!" he hoarsely cried, as he again looked at the chasm, at the treacherous, charred beams, at the vortex of fire, the seething, bell of flame beneath, that was heaving and hissing like a million of entwined and angered serpents. "now for it, Alice! God have mercy on us! We may perish. If we do, we shall go together!"

He made a terrific spring—he passed through the air and flame with a force only despair could lend him, and landed on the opposite side of the floor, which sank and rocked like a boat in a storm.

"Thank God!" he murmured. "Thus far in safety. Now for the stairway!"

The building again rocked, as if moved by an earthquake.

He saw, or thought he saw, the front wall bend like a reed, and he feared it would fall ere he could reach the street.

Then he heard voices without crying:

"Look out! look out! It is about to fall. Stand back, for your lives! See! it has given way at the sides!"

He heard these ejaculations and entreaties, but he moved as steadily forward as if he were beyond imminent danger.

He only the more pressed to his heart his precious burden.

Imagining he had but reached the head of the stairs, although unknowingly in his anxiety and excitement he had passed more than half way down them, he made a leap for life.

Under the circumstances, the leap was fearful.

He struck squarely on his feet, however.

The weakened floor gave way.

He passed through, or with it, to the passage in the basement which was immediately beneath.

As he disappeared, still with Alice in his arms, billows of flame, with a loud roar, swept the stairs he had just left, away.

It was a miracle! Save the scorchings he had been subjected to, he nor Alice were injured.

And now, like one moving in a dream, he followed the passage, not knowing whither it would lead.

He, a moment later, found himself in a vault that extended beneath the sidewalk.

As he entered this subterranean chamber he heard a fearful roar, like the breaking of mighty waves in a storm on a rock-bound coast. Then he too passed into an unconscious state.

It was now universally believed that not only Alice St. John, but Dick Price, who had given his life to preserve hers, had perished in the flames.

Tom Burt, upon his arrival at the scene of disorder, at once went to Mrs. St. John, and taking her gently by the arm, led her to his carriage, where Isola at once embraced her and did all that was possible to restore her to herself.

But Ruth St. John was in too great agony of mind to recognize any one.

In truth, she was temporarily insane.

She insisted upon calling Isola Alice; and to Tom she talked hysterically of her adopted son, who had been away so long, but who was again coming home to make her heart glad.

It was a pitiable sight to see this once beautiful and intelligent woman thus wandering, however temporary the dethronement of her reason might prove.

While every effort was made by Tom Burt and his young wife to render Mrs. St. John comfortable in a home that had, without delay, been prepared for her, the firemen were not idle in their efforts to so cool that they might be readily handled the bricks and *débris* that had constituted the walls and interior of the late home of Ruth St. John and her daughter.

No one who had observed the gallant but reckless conduct of Dick Price doubted for an instant that, with the young girl, Alice, he had perished in the flames.

Tom Burt, desirous of recovering their remains for the purpose of giving them a decent sepulture, hastened to the "scene of the disaster," as the reporters for the journals described it, and making himself known to the police, was permitted to set at work a company of men to remove the rubbish that had fallen on the sidewalk and the street immediately in front of the ruins.

With Tom was his old and constant companion, Nero, who had considerably revived in activity and form since his return to a climate more congenial to his nature.

While under the direction of Tom Burt, who incited them with the promise of a large reward, the laborers are pushing their way to the heart of the masses of *débris*, let us return to where the junior and his precious charge are.

Alice did not immediately, indeed, not for hours, come out of the swoon into which she had passed when she disappeared from the view of those who were standing in the street, believing her rescue impossible, until Dick appeared the, to the lookers-on, foolhardy act; and as nothing could be done in the dark, though, fortunately, cool vault, which, ex-

PERILOUS KITE-FLYING.—SEE PAGE 179.

HENS AS PARLOR BOARDERS.—SEE PAGE 179.

cept in one corner, had not been injured by the falling front, where a hole of a few inches diameter had been made, and through which several bricks and bits of dried mortar had fallen, he placed her on the floor, with her back and head reclining against a pile of coals.

This accomplished, the junior said:

"By George! it's dark as Erebus here! Whizz, how my head burns! I wonder what is the matter with it? I hope I ain't on fire yet."

He put a hand on his head, and then gave a long and low whistle.

"Am I Dick Price, junior," he asked, "or some other chap? Whew! came here an hour ago—I suppose it must be all of that, if not more—I had as nice a head of hair as ever a barber spoiled with

HUNTING THE LEOPARD IN DAMARALAND.—"HE SEIZED THE LEOPARD WITH BOTH HANDS, AND FOR SOME MOMENTS HELD IT DOWN TO THE GROUND BY MAIN FORCE."

oil or lard, and now," again he tenderly fingered the scalp, "I'll be blamed if there's a hair to be found on it; and, huh! how sore it is! I guess I must have had a touch of the fire, and didn't, in my excitement, feel it. And how sore my eyes are! he passed his fingers from his head to his eyes. "Well, I guess I'll cut a pretty figure in daylight. Eyebrows gone and eyes sore—burnt out, I suppose. I wonder if I'm blind? Blind! That's awful to think of. No, I can't be! I can open and close my eyelids, and I can touch the eyeballs. No, no! Thank God, I am not—cannot be blind! But it is very, very dark here. Not a ray of light. This is dreadful! To be blind would be worse than death. I'd a thousand times rather have perished in the flames than to be shut from looking on nature—on my fellow-man. Oh, how precious is sight. I don't care for my eyebrows nor my head, but my eyes! I wonder how late, or early it is? Hark! I hear them at work overhead. Have I been hours, days, or weeks here? I'll go mad—mad! I'll cry out to them. Will they hear me? Ha! a good thought. I have matches in my pocket that I use for lighting my cigar with. I will soon find out whether you are all right about the eyes, Richard Price. If blind, let a heavy stone fall upon and kill me. And Alice! Ah, I cannot bear the thought. Is she dead or blind? She's so still. I wonder if she breathes? I'll soon know. It's dreadful, this uncertainty!"

While thus soliloquizing, the junior searched the pockets of his coat, which he felt was torn and burnt in many places, and found a small metal case. In it were taper matches. One one of these he ignited, and to his great joy saw the flame.

"Thank God!" he prayerfully murmured. "What a nightmare seized me a moment ago!"

His eyes caught Alice lying in the spot where he had a vague recollection of having placed her.

HUNTING THE LEOPARD IN DAMARALAND.—"SPRINGING UPON THE MAN WHO HAD FIRED AT IT, THE LEOPARD PULLED HIM TO THE GROUND."

"I wonder if she is all right?"

He looked earnestly in her face.

"Yes, she is alive, but must be seen to at once."

As good fortune would have it, while glancing around the place in which he was, he discovered, near the now choked-up doorway, a gas-burner.

He said:

"I wonder if I can light the gas? Perhaps it comes direct from the main in the street. With light all will be right. While burns the gas I can help the lass; in the dark there's a bark. By George! they're working for us, anyhow. There's some hope of our rescue yet. What a beauty I must now be, to be sure! And as for Alice, she looks pale, and that little black spot of coal-dust, I suppose, on the end of her nose makes her look funny."

Relighting a second taper, he applied it without further delay to the burner, and to his unbounded delight there was a flow of gas. He ignited it.

The vault was at once illuminated.

Dick was encouraged.

He even began to whistle; but he could not keep his hands long from tenderly touching his blistered scalp.

In one corner, the furthest in the vault, and which could be very readily reached, he saw a sink with a faucet over it.

He jumped toward it.

He was consumed with thirst, having taken into his lungs smoke enough to choke any one laboring under less excitement than he had been for hours.

Opening the faucet, to his delight the water flowed as freely as had the gas!

Putting his mouth to it, he took a long and refreshing drink.

"All right, Dick," he said, when he had wiped his mouth. "Now for Miss St. John."

Other discoveries were made.

He found a large basket, in which there were napkins and other articles of linen that had evidently been placed there by the laundress preparatory to their being washed.

Seeing two or three of the towels, he saturated them with water, and then going to where Alice was reclining, raised her up and washed her face; next he bathed her head and neck and hands in the most liberal, but decidedly clumsy, manner. Next, he carried her to the faucet, and placing her under it, let the water gently run over her hair.

His method was not over-gentle, but he could do no better; and, what is to the purpose, he finally succeeded in restoring Alice to consciousness.

She, of course, was very weak; and when in low murmurs, and rather with eyes than tongue, she expressed her deep gratitude, she lay gently and quietly in her preserver's arms, just as a very young child would in its mother's, and closing her eyes, fell into a gentle but refreshing slumber.

For many minutes she thus lay, her face turned to the junior's.

He saw the color gradually return to her lips, and a flush come to her almost marble-like cheeks.

She was very still—very beautiful, even now—very statuesque.

How her classic features, so sweet, so childlike, fired the soul of Dick Price!

Alice's hair, resting near his great, bursting heart, that was pulsing at a fearful rate with its burden of love.

It was delirium that possessed him, for he had forgotten his denuded and blistered scalp, and the absence of his eyebrows, as he murmured:

"Oh, Alice! Alice, I adore you!"

And—and would you believe it, he actually took advantage of that poor girl's defenseless condition by bending low his head, and, the wretch, placing his lips—lips not as yet so tenderly—upon hers!

Then he took his head away with a quick jerk, as if he had indeed been guilty of a great crime, and beads of sweat stood upon his broad, well-formed brow, the only handsome feature—save his eyes, which were like his sister's—nature had been pleased to endow him with.

The kiss, or some other cause equally irritating, caused poor Alice to open wide her eyes and look at the junior. But she exhibited no indignation. She only clung closer to him as she whispered, in an accent that was "all of sweet accord," that actually set her preserver's head spinning for a few moments:

"Dear Richard," she murmured, and her face and neck actually became rosy in the gaslight, "my life is yours. You have saved me from death—from a death so horrible! But, Richard!" she suddenly cried, while she shrank away from him with terror, "my mother. Oh, my poor, my dear mother!"

"Saved, darling! She was early removed from the building. You were the only living being in it, I heard them say when I went in, you see, to—to take you out."

"Oh, I am so happy, now that ma is saved," said the fair girl, in her low, sweet voice, and again she unhesitatingly committed herself to her lover's arms, who again and again pressed his lips to her forehead, cheeks and mouth.

The junior was dumb with love.

He was barely conscious of his unseemly conduct.

In the height of his intoxication, Alice looked at him now more scrutinizingly than she had hitherto done.

Well, who could blame her when, even in that cheerless and damp vault, seeing the sad plight—the comical condition to which her rescuer had been reduced—she burst into a hearty, cheerful laugh?

Blame her for it as ill-timed?

No one.

It did her good. It gave her strength, and Dick was not offended. Again the bark of Nero was heard.

This time it was at the hole made in the roof of the vault.

Richard Price looked up; through the chinks of the bricks which choked the aperture he could see what he supposed was the light of day. Then he heard a voice, the tones of which were strangely familiar to him—tones which he had not heard for years—say, as if addressed to the dog:

"What is it, Nero? Anything down there?"

The animal again barked vigorously.

Before the voice overhead could resume its talk to the dog the junior shouted:

"Hello! Is that you, Tom Burt, old boy?"

"Dick! Thank God!" came back. "And Alice—poor Alice?"

"She's here with me, Tom; not a hair of her head touched."

"Thank God!" again exclaimed Tom Burt. "We'll have you both out in a trice," he added, sagaciously, to Dick. "I'll have the hole enlarged and a ladder put down. Neither of you is hurt, I trust?"

"I've been scalped, Tom," returned Dick, "and I'm, I believe, brownless. That's all!"

Then the junior heard Tom Burt say, almost in a single breath, so evidently full of joy was he at finding his friend and sister alive and well:

"Run, Cæsar, and get a carriage. Don't stop a moment. Go to the first livery-stable. Never mind about the price—do you hear?"

"Yes, sah," returned our old negro friend, "now and for the past three years in the service of Mrs. St. John, I'se off. I'll be back to you knows it, sah!"

"Here, my friends," continued Tom to the laborers—"here, clear these bricks and other stuff away. Here's where we will find them. Make that hole larger. Tear everything to pieces! That's it. Some of you chase up a ladder and fetch it here. Be quick about it!"

In almost less time that it has taken to make the statement the vault was stripped of a good part of its roofing, and the ladder placed, with its feet resting on the flooring.

Tom Burt ran down it.

In a moment he had his adopted sister in his arms, and she clung to him with all her might, and again came near fainting, this time from excess of joy.

While yet holding Alice in his arms, Tom turned to the delighted junior and seized his extended hand.

"Old Dick," he said. "God bless you; you're a trump!"

"And you, old Tom," returned the junior, "you're a hero! How are you, any how? Oh, Tom, I'm so glad."

Dick spoke with such earnestness, such hearty feeling, that his face grew insensibly longer than ever, and he looked so forlorn in form and feature, with his denuded scalp, blistered and blackened here and there with the fire that had passed over it, and vacant eyebrows, that his friend, while yet clasping his hand, could not restrain himself from laughing until the vault rang with echoes.

"Am I so very ridiculous then, Tom?" quickly demanded Dick, quite hurt in his feelings.

"Never mind," was the answer. "Don't you look in a mirror for a month or two, and then you'll be all right, and once more. It's only temporary, and you ought to be proud of it! It's you that is the hero!"

"Well, Tom," said the junior, with a sigh of relief, "I imagined at one time that my eyes had been burned out of my head, and you can have no conception of the terrible agony the thought gave me—to be blind for ever—to be blind and useless in the morning of my life! Oh! it was awful—awful! And when I got out a match in this then terribly dark place, and ignited it and saw, oh, Tom, that flash of light was to me more than millions of dollars to a miser!"

At this juncture a carriage was heard rolling up the street.

As it stopped near by, Nero barked furiously, but not for joy.

It was his way of telling his master that it was time for him to come up out of the vault.

And Tom heeded the suggestion.

Just as he reached the bottom of the ladder—still holding in his arms his adopted sister, and closely followed by Dick Price—Julius Cæsar, who was standing at the edge of the opening, ready to give his assistance if needed, said:

"Carriage is heah, sah. I send Cap'n Troosom at de libery stable, an' he say dat de Spanish gemman as came wif you has taken Mrs. St. John and de young lady to de Mansion House, whar he's 'gaged fo' de ladies elumgant 'partments."

"All right, Cæsar," returned Tom, as he emerged from the vault.

A number of people stood near by, and though they were silent, and with heads uncovered even, as Miss St. John was borne past them and safely and comfortably placed within the coach, no such kind of respect was accorded to the junior.

No, indeed! The moment he put his naked head out of the opening he was assailed with cheers and clapping of hands, and while many laughed at his exceedingly funny and at the same time dolorous unhero-like appearance, there was a rush to grasp his hands, and even in the turmoil, old men, with tears in their eyes, blessed him.

And then, what next?

Why, they actually raised him on their shoulders, carried him in triumph to the carriage, where he was seated by the side of the fair girl whom he had so heroically rescued from a horrible death.

As the vehicle was rolling, under the guidance of Julius Cæsar, whose cavernous mouth extended from ear to ear with unalloyedoy, toward the Mansion House, the junior whispered in Alice's ear, but loud enough for Tom to hear him, and who smiled and raised his brows.

"Now, darling, ain't I a spectacle for any one to care for? Now, there's that sister of mine, Mattie—"

Alice drew herself nearer to his side.

Taking one of his big, clumsy hands in her own little shapely ones, she said:

"All will be well with you in time, my preserver. Even should your hair not grow again, let it be some compensation to you that Alice St. John loves you, and will ever love you with all her heart and with all her soul."

* * * * * *

One word, and our story is closed.

Mattie Price found a husband in a man rich enough to gratify her caprices.

And she loved him even more than her gloves and dresses. With money at her command she was happy.

As for Ruth St. John, Señor Gonzalez, and the senior Price, is it not written that they have many sons and daughters of the second generation to make glad their declining years?

THE END.

HUNTING THE LEOPARD IN DAMARALAND.

THE leopard of Africa (*Felis Leopardus*), there very commonly called tiger or panther—which Captain Harris tells us is very similar in appearance to that indigenous to India—is common throughout Damaraland, as also Southern Africa generally; but, from its cunning, active nature and nocturnal habits, is but rarely seen.

It is about two feet seven inches high at the shoulder, and seven feet six inches in extreme length. The chin, neck, breast, belly, and inside of the extremeties are white, the rest varying in different specimens between tawny, fulvous and reddish,

HUNTING THE LEOPARD IN DAMARALAND.—"THE ANIMAL KEPT STRIKING HIM WITH ITS PAWS, AND TEARING HIS CLOTHES IN TATTERS FROM HIS BREAST."

brown, irregularly marked with spots of black, which differ greatly in number, size and appearance at different ages and seasons. It is monogamous, or solitary.

In its wild state it is an exceedingly beautiful creature, its motions in the highest degree easy and graceful, and its agility in bounding amongst the rocks and woods quite amazing. Of its activity no person can have an idea by seeing it in the cages in which these animals are usually exhibited, humbled and tamed as they are by confinement and the cold and damp of the climate.

Casualties from leopards in my vicinity were not of unfrequent occurrence. On one occasion, indeed, my Swedish lad, Axel, was beating some low bushes in search of game and specimens, when he suddenly found himself in presence of one of these beasts, who, apparently, was in the very act of springing upon him, its head being sunk between its forelegs, as is its wont on such occasions. Being probably startled at the unexpected vision, the youth hurriedly raised his fowling-piece to his shoulder and fired. But the contents, unfortunately, only lodged in one of the animal's forepaws, which it stumbled, as was afterward ascertained, and before he could pull the second trigger he found himself in a deadly struggle with the exasperated brute. However, being a strong-limbed and courageous young man, he seized the leopard with both hands, and for some moments held it down to the ground by main force.

Hearing cries of distress, some Damaras who were herding cattle hard by came up, but seeing the danger, they beat a precipitate retreat. My poor boy repeatedly pointed with his foot to the gun, but all in vain, and he began to despair of his life, as the beast had by this time dreadfully lacerated both his hands and his arms, and consequently unfitted him for prolonged strife with such a fierce

HUNTING THE LEOPARD IN DAMARALAND.—"THE COBRA-DE-CAPELLO INSTANTLY TWISTED ITS BODY ROUND MY LEG, ON WHICH I HAD NOTHING BUT A PAIR OF THIN TROWSERS."

and powerful opponent. Providentially the dogs, though not the most courageous, came to the rescue, and by persistently worrying the beast in the hinder parts, finally compelled him to decamp, though not until he had killed one of the number. It is satisfactory, however, to add that he himself was shortly afterward destroyed by a party of natives, who, on hearing the poor fellow's cries, promptly ran to the spot, and afterward went in pursuit of the leopard, which died game, having slain a second dog; two others, moreover, being accidentally shot by their owners in the general *melée*.

As I have said, the lad was fearfully knocked about and mauled. In some places, especially about the hands and wrists, the teeth of the animal had actually met in the flesh. I am, however, happy to

be able to add that with care and quiet he ultimately regained the use of his arms and hands, though not until after much and prolonged suffering.

On another occasion, a herd of mine espied a leopard amongst some rocks, and being armed, he unhesitatingly discharged his musket, but either missed his mark or very slightly wounded the brute. The next moment the poor fellow felt himself struck violently to the ground, with the teeth of the infuriated animal deeply buried in his left shoulder. However, by the assistance of some dogs the leopard was made to retreat after a while, but not until it had terribly mauled the man, who, though he recovered temporarily, eventually died from the effects of the dreadful wounds inflicted.

Numerous other instances of the ferocity of the leopard have come under my own notice, and very many others are on record, of which I shall instance a few.

Two African farmers returning from hunting roused a leopard in a mountain ravine, and immediately gave chase to it. The beast at first endeavored to escape by clambering up a precipice, but being hotly pursued and wounded by a musket-ball, it turned upon its assailants with the frantic ferocity peculiar to this animal, and springing upon the man who had fired at it, pulled him to the ground, biting him at the same time on the shoulder, and tearing open his cheeks with its claws.

The other hunter, seeing the danger of his comrade, sprang from his horse and attempted to shoot the leopard through the head; but whether owing to trepidation, the fear of wounding his friend, or the quick motions of the animal, he unfortunately missed. The leopard, abandoning its prostrate foe, darted with redoubled fury upon its new antagonist, and so fierce and sudden was the onset, that before the Boer could stab it with its hunting-knife the savage brute struck him on the head with its claw, and actually tore the scalp over his eyes. In this frightful condition the hunter grappled with the leopard, and struggling for life, they rolled together down a steep declivity. All this passed far more rapidly than it can be described in words.

During this dreadful scene the hunter first attacked had started to his feet and seized his gun, and after reloading it he rushed forward to save the life of his friend. But it was too late; the leopard had seized the unfortunate man by the throat, and mangled him so dreadfully that death was inevitable; and his comrade (himself severely wounded) had only the melancholy satisfaction of completing the destruction of the savage beast, already exhausted with the loss of blood from several deep wounds from the knife of the expiring huntsman.

Again, another instance of the ferocity of the leopard occurred in the case of the Missionary Schmidt: This worthy man had gone out with a party of Hottentots to another Moravian station, to hunt some hyenas which had been very destructive to their flocks, and in company with one of the men entered a thicket in pursuit of a beast they had wounded. Instead of the hyena, however, the dogs started a leopard, which instantly sprang on the Hottentot and bore him to the ground. Mr. Schmidt ran forward to the aid of the man with his gun cocked; but not daring to risk the opportunity of firing, the animal left the Hottentot and flew with fury at himself. In the scuffle he dropped the gun, but luckily fell above the leopard, with his knee on its stomach. The animal seized him by the left arm, and bit it severely, tearing him also with its paws and tearing his clothes in tatters from his breast. Schmidt, however, being a powerful man, succeeded, after receiving another severe bite or two, in seizing the leopard by the throat with his right hand, and got it in a grip of iron. In another struggles, for a few minutes, and until his strength was on the point of giving way, when a Hottentot on the outside of the jungle, who heard his cries, came to the rescue, and shot the ferocious beast through the heart, so that the death was instantaneous. Had any life been left, its dying struggles might still have proved fatal to Mr. Schmidt. As it was, he was so terribly lacerated that for several weeks his life was in the greatest danger. The Hottentot who was first attacked was severely wounded, and his face was so much torn by the animal's talons that his eyes were filled with blood, and he was unable to render any aid to the missionary who had so generously come to his aid.

On one occasion Mr. Orpen and Present (a native follower) had gone up the river to shoot seacows, when they fell in with an immense leopard, which Present wounded very badly. Then they sent natives to camp to ask for dogs, of which I sent them a couple. In about an hour the dogs came running back and said that Orpen was killed by the leopard.

On further inquiry, however, I found that he was not really killed, but fearfully torn and bitten about the arms and head. They had not been taken on the spoor on foot, the dogs following behind, instead of going in advance. The consequence of this was that they came right upon the beast before they were aware of him, when Orpen fired and missed him. The leopard then sprang on his shoulders, and, dashing him to the ground, lay upon him, growling and lacerating his hands, arms, and head most fearfully. Presently the creature permitted Orpen to rise and come away.

Numerous instances from hairbreadth escapes from the leopard are also on record, amongst which that of Moffat, the missionary, is, perhaps, not the least remarkable, the rather as, in the avoidance of the threatened danger, he incurred another of even a more perilous nature, thus verifying the old saying, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire!"

"In one of my early journeys," he writes, "I had an escape from an African tiger and a serpent, no less providential. I had left the wagons and was ascended to a distant village to look for game and grassy openings in quest of game. I had a double-barreled gun on my shoulder, which was loaded with a ball and small shot. An antelope passed, at which I fired, and slowly followed the course it took. After advancing a short distance I saw a tiger sharp at me between the forked branches of a tree, behind which its long, spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning its tail like a cat just going to spring on its prey. This, I knew, was a critical moment. I moved about, as if in search of something on the grass, taking care to retreat at the same time. After getting, as I thought, a suitable distance to turn my back, I moved somewhat more quickly; but in my anxiety to escape what was behind, I did not see what was before me, until startled by treading on a large coburn-de-capello serpent asleep on the grass. It instantly twisted its body round my leg, on which I had nothing but a pair of thin trowsers, when I leaped from the spot, dragging the enraged and venomous reptile after me, and whilst in the act of throwing itself into a position to bite, I, without turning round, threw my piece over my shoulder and shot it. Taking it by the tail, I brought it to my people in the wagons, who, on examining the bag of poison, asserted that, had the creature bitten me, I could never have reached the wagon. The serpent was six feet long."

The chase of the leopard, by both colonists and natives, is commonly conducted on foot, the hunters being accompanied by dogs, of which the more there are the better, as they are the greatest of safeguards from this fierce and agile beast; and, though the native footless breed are a small-looking creatures, I have never found any others equal to them for daring or pertinacity.

SWIMMING.

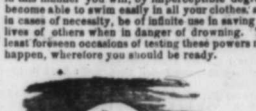
IT is as well to acquire the power of swimming under water before learning the side stroke. This is practiced by drawing as much air into the lungs as possible, and then with a spring forcing yourself under water and striking out in the same manner as on the surface, holding the breath; the learner will find a great difficulty in keeping under water, the tendency of the body being to come to the surface, in spite of the effort made to keep beneath.

The length of time one can remain under water is greatly dependent on the formation of the chest, but the average time is about forty seconds; some swimmers can remain much longer than others; and Johnson, of Leeds, a celebrity in swimming and diving, is said to be able to remain under water for three minutes and ten seconds. This seems almost impossible, but it is well-known to be a fact.

People can swim under water much faster than above. Gurr, in his races, holds his head more under water than above, well knowing that the less there is of the body out of water the less there is to carry.

After becoming an adept at swimming under water, you should learn to swim with your clothes on, and with your eyes open—they must be kept open in the act of diving or entering the water, as it is very difficult to open them after the head is once under water.

In commencing to swim with your clothes on, begin at first with trowsers and stockings on, then with your waistcoat, next the coat, etc., until you put on all your ordinary clothing. By proceeding in this manner you will, by imperceptible degrees, become able to swim easily in all your clothes, and, in cases of necessity, be of infinite use in saving the lives of others when in danger of drowning. The least foreseen occasions of testing these powers may happen, wherefore you should be ready.



SWIMMING.—DIVING.

Diving, or taking a header, should be carefully practiced by all learners of swimming; a graceful and proper manner of entering the water being cultivated simultaneously, it is just as easy to learn this accomplishment gracefully as clumsily, common care being all that is necessary at first. Headers may be taken from a boat, from the bank with a good run, or from any platform or other height, such as a spring-board, or off a ladder step by step; but jumping off any height should not be attempted till after greater practice at the jumps off boats or other slight elevations.

Beginners are generally much alarmed when first told to jump into the water, lancying instinctively that their heads will come in contact with some thing; therefore, when trying the "header" they come flat on the water with a regular flop, and make a splash, sometimes hurting themselves very much, the act of striking the water having almost as stinging an effect as a smart stroke from a school-boy's birch.

The learner may go to the river bank at a spot where it is not too shallow, and then, stooping down until he is nearly double, he must place his hands together and keep his head over till they just touch the surface, and so quietly glide, rather than fall, into the water. He will not at first acquire the proper position, but after a while he will take his header without any hesitation. He must practice this header first and over again, taking care each time to increase the height from which he jumps. After becoming a proficient in this exercise he should practice taking short runs, and leap head first into the water from the place where he took his first leaps in jumping, as he will have much more confidence in a place he is accustomed to. Leaping-boards are very good things to practice from.

In taking headers properly, raise the arms over the head several times, so as to expand the lungs, then the hands must be joined over the head, fingers and thumbs together, the back kept hollow, and the body stiff, straight, and still, the legs being stretched out firmly, the feet pressed together, and the toes pointing in a line with the body and legs.

Enter the water like an arrow, without making any splash, this being the test of a good "header;" gliding down into deep water as far as your impetus will carry you, at about the angle of forty-five; there should not be a bubble to mark the spot at which you entered.

Usually any one who can jump from a height of ten feet will not hesitate at jumping from thirty to forty; care must be taken, however, to enter the water head first, or you may fall on your chest or stomach, injure yourself very much, or, at the least, knocking the breath out of your body, and, if alone, running the risk of being drowned before recovering yourself.

If the plunge is taken properly, the "shoot," as it is termed, will be from twelve to fifteen yards. If you wish to swim near the bottom, place your hands back to back, and take a downward stroke till you reach the bottom, and then practice swimming under water as long as you can—this being a very important part of a good swimmer's education.

By entering the water with the eyes open, with the view to fetch some object from the bottom, you will soon become a thorough good diver, without noticing the progress you are making. A lump of chalk, a small plate, or piece of tin, are very good things to throw in and then search for till you find them, commencing a few feet from you, and then increasing the distance gradually till the object is some twenty yards off.

The natives of warm climates are very good at this exercise. At Suez and Aden the Arabs will jump off the Peninsular and Oriental steamers after a shilling which is thrown in by the passengers, and, catching it before it reaches the bottom, swim under the immense vessel, and come up on the other side; and this is done with as much ease as the street "Arabs" of London turn somersaults and make stars by the sides of the omnibuses, being the result of practice. They seem to have a total immunity from the attacks of sharks, which are very numerous in these places, but let their living friends alone in the water.

A very good diver frequently amuses himself by throwing a half dollar from the top of a pier some thirty or forty yards off, and then diving in after it, generally bringing it up at the first attempt; the water is about twenty feet deep at that place. This is simply the result of continued practice. Many a life has been saved by *divers* after a person has sunk, as will be seen by the following cases of rescue by diving:

On the night of the 17th of February, 1860, the butler of Mr. Heygate, of Brent Pelham Hall, was crossing the yard, when, through the darkness of the night, he missed his way, and accidentally fell into a large ornamental reservoir of water and partially covered with ice. His screams were heard by the servants in the hall, and Mr. Heygate, on hearing the alarm, immediately ran out, taking off his coat and waistcoat as he ran. When he reached the side of the reservoir, he saw the man struggle and sink. Mr. Heygate immediately jumped into the water to his relief, dived once, but without success, and notwithstanding the excessive coldness of the water, persevered until he found the body, and with assistance, which was soon brought to the side of the reservoir, when, with assistance, he succeeded with great difficulty in raising the body of the man until it was drawn up in an insensible state. Mr. Heygate himself being exhausted and nearly stupefied with the cold.

Whilst her Majesty's ship *Impérieuse* was steaming at the rate of seven knots an hour through the Rhia Straits, on the morning of the 11th of January, 1860, a marine named Parks fell overboard from a main-deck port. Mr. R. F. Seymour, mate (although the accident was not then known on deck), instantly jumped after him, and persisted in his attempt to save the man, by diving several times. When it is considered that it was a region known to be infested with sharks, much praise is due to Mr. Seymour for his perserverence in remaining near the spot where the man sank, and diving for him until all hopes of success were over, instead of resorting to the life-buoy for his own safety.

At first, in diving, the action is as if all the internal machinery of the body were left in the air, but after a time this feeling is lost, and the diver experiences a feeling of enjoyment in his rapid rush through the air. The sensation when diving is not that of falling, but just as if the water was rising up to meet you.

It is useful to practice leaping into the water at a distance from the bank, and to leap over various obstacles, such as the usual vegetation of the river's bank, interlacing boughs of bushes or trees, the low crowns of willows so often met with; and some people recommend two sticks being fixed in the ground in an upright position, with a string across them, and then with a run and jump going headforemost over. This low string is then gradually and the height is gradually increased. By steadily practicing this way of entering the water, ultimately the height that can be cleared is quite astonishing. One difficulty is to avoid catching the string with the knees or ankles.

Again I give the main points to be observed in diving—"keep the body, arms, and legs perfectly stiff, and all in the same right line."

Those who will follow this rule will be able to leap from ordinary heights without danger. The hands placed together over the head, form a kind of wedge, which cuts its way into the water and opens a passage into which the body passes. The diver must bend his head so over the chest that even the slight shock which is sure to accompany the entry of the water only affects the crown of the head, which is the very best part able to bear it.

The exact position can best be learned by watching good swimmers taking headers. Their bodies are quite still, and on reaching the water there is not the least alteration of attitude, the body shooting through the water like a fish, and passing through a wonderful space by the impetus of the spring.

Some teachers are advocates for jumping into the water from a height *feet* first, the legs and feet being kept close together with the arms against the sides, entering the water quite perpendicularly.

One recommendation of this way of entering the water is that there is no fear or accident with it, and though it is not so graceful in appearance as the header, yet in jumping from a height it is just as effective, and more to be used in jumping into strange places, where, from not knowing the depth of the water, or the nature of the bottom, an accident might arise from going in head first, by which many excellent swimmers have been killed. Worthington, a diving celebrity, who was killed some years since, used to jump from a height of forty feet and turn three somersaults in his descent before reaching the water. He was applauded by the crowd of onlookers, but the wonder was that he was not killed, as a severe blow on the chest, stomach, or back, is the consequence of the slightest deviation from the proper angle.

In jumping out of a boat, the best way is to go to the stern and leap over, as there is much more resistance to the feet than is obtained by leaping over the side; and in getting into the boat again always go over the stern, never over the side.

In approaching the boat, swim with the feet high, grasp the transom with both hands, and kick the feet on the surface of the water, so as to keep them up.

If you do not mind this, the legs will be sucked under the boat, then, with a vigorous kick of the feet, and spring and pull of the hands combined, you rise up out of the water, and find yourself with your breast lying over the stern, so that you are able to crawl easily into the boat, but there is great exertion required to perform this exercise properly, and almost every one gets many hard knocks on the shins, however careful he may be.

For these reasons a short, broad ladder, with four or five steps, or a roller across the transom to be pulled in over, are far more pleasant ways of regaining the boat and your clothes than climbing over the stern at the risk of your skin and bones.

To make the bull, catherine wheel, or washing-tub, the swimmer must tie on his back with his knees up to his chin, then, whilst one hand is kept close to the body, and paddled with to sustain the swimmer, the other is moved with very powerful sweeps, so as to rotate the body on its centre at a rapid pace.

[To be continued.]

THREE BOYS.

A Story of a High School.

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD

CHAPTER VII.

A COMFORTABLE, well-built, but somewhat rambling house was that of Mrs. Porrance. It was built of wood, as were most of the houses in Bunkerville, and was surrounded by great maple-trees that shaded it well in Summer. It stood back from the road, but the lights from the windows of the long dining-room in the western wing lit up the grass and shrubbery that evening to the very fence.

"The stage-coach is very late, Almira. I hope nothing has happened."

"With all those boys on board! They'd be enough to make sure of an accident, if they're anything like Mrs. Hinckley's. I'm so glad we're not to have them."

A reasonably good-looking girl was Almira Porrance, tall and fresh-complexioned, but with a somewhat discontented expression of countenance. She wore her hair in curls innumerable, and every curl of them had been turned in that precise manner ever since a poetical description of them had been printed, years ago, in the "Poet's Corner" of the Bunkerville *Clarion*.

Almira was a girl of spirit, too, and she had long since discovered that Bunkerville was a small place, and the valley it stood in a very narrow and hollow sort of an affair.

Nevertheless, she was almost as deeply interested as her mother, that evening, in the expected arrivals, and she had more than once expressed a hope that "the two other boys would be something of an improvement on Sol Rogers."

"To be sure," she said, "I would not compare Sol with the Hinckley boys; but, then, he has no reverence whatever, and you never know when to believe him."

"Sol is a pretty good sort of a boy," replied her mother, "and I mean to keep a steady hand on him this Fall and Winter. I'm most anxious about that wild Irish boy."

"We must make him know his place," said Almira, stiffly.

"He'll find it soon enough."

Just then a long "toot" of a tin stage-horn came up the street. Then a rattle of wheels and a tramping of horses' feet ceased suddenly at the front gate, and they heard the cheery voice of Sol Rogers sing out:

"Here we are, boys! This is the place, Van! Now, Pat, remember all I told you!"

"He's a smart boy if he can do that," muttered Almira, and she was right to the last inch.

The boys were out in a twinkling, all three of them, and their trunks and parcels followed them to the sidewalk. There was plenty of help handy to carry the things in, and all the boys had to do was to open the gate and march up to the front door, where Mrs. Porrance and her tall daughter were dignifiedly awaiting them.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Porrance?" almost shouted Sol Rogers. "How d'ye do, Miss. Almira? This is my cousin, Van Rivington, Mrs. Porrance, and this is Mr. Patrick Nolan."

"Glad to see you, Sol. Glad to see you, Mr. Rivington," returned the portly matron. "How do you do, Patrick? I'm glad to see you, too. Walk right in. The men'll take your trunks to your rooms. Come in where it's lighter, so I can have a good look at you."

"Poor little Mrs. Porrance," thought Pat, as he recalled Sol's description of her, "Troth, and she'll not be picked up and run away wid. What lies he's been telling!"

His first impression was more than confirmed when they got into the dining-room, and his new landlady, not to call her his new mistress, put both her strong hands on his shoulders and looked him squarely in the face.

"Almira was just then whispering to Sol Rogers:

"How dreadfully red his hair is!" and Sol was replying:

"It isn't that color in the day-time. It's only so after dark and when he's hungry. He's pretty near starved now, and so are Van and I. That's what's the matter with his hair."

But, if that was the case, what could have been the matter with Mrs. Porrance, as she, too, noted the extreme brilliancy of Pat Nolan's "wig?"

She seemed to grow several shades paler as she looked at him, and the hard lines about her mouth settled more rigidly than ever.

"It's all right, Patrick," she said, in a few seconds. "I'm glad Mr. Rivington sent you to me. We will talk it over by-and-by. Just now you will all want your supper, and Sol will show you to your room. Almira, tell Patrick where to go. Your faces are all very dirty."

Van Rivington had never heard the truth more plainly spoken in his life, and it was half refreshing, considering the yarns he had been listening to all day from Sol Rogers.

There was no doubt but what their faces needed washing and their clothes brushing. The room, too, to which Sol piloted Van was a large one, looking out on the garden in the rear of the house, over the sloping roof of a sort of "lean-to," or back addition.

Almira merely said:

"Come, Pat. This way."

And Pat followed her without a word, for the whole thing was a good deal bewildering to a "green boy from the city."

A small room, with a small, rusty stove, a narrow bed, a closet for clothes that was half as big as the room; but it was as good as anything Pat Nolan had ever been accustomed to, and it seemed to him a sort of magnificence.

Almira said:

"This is your room, Pat," and left him to himself.

"Poor little Mrs. Porrance!" soliloquized Pat, as he made his way toward the corner where they had deposited his trunk. "I hope she won't ate me up. Miss Almira's not likely to do that same."

His quick instinct had already taught him that he had, somehow, found no favor with "the daughter of the house."

"Mother," said Almira, on her return to the dining-room, "what a handsome fellow that young Mr. Rivington is! He looks like a perfect gentleman. But what will we do with that red-headed Irish boy?"

"Do you think Van is handsomer than Pat? Well, he won't be so useful to us. You may have Pat, now and then, to see you home from the nine society."

"I think I see myself! But I don't believe they'll be long in getting ready for supper."

Almira was often correct in her calculations, and this was one of the cases.

When the boys were all seated at the supper-table, Pat and Van were half surprised to find how very few questions of any kind Mrs. Porrance had to ask, and what a torrent of them came from Almira; but it is not unlikely the widow's keen eyes learned as much as did her daughter's inquisitive tongue.

The questions were mainly addressed to Sol and Van, however, and Pat had little to do except to look and listen and eat. So he did all three to the very best of his ability.

They all three worked well and steadily, however, so that supper came to an end before a great while, and then Sol Rogers sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Now, boys, for a raid on the village. I must show you how Bunkerville looks by moonlight."

"Just the thing," said Van.

"I think so," remarked Mrs. Porrance. "Patrick, you may go with them this time. When you get back I shall want you to carry some wood into the kitchen."

So very quietly and firmly she said it, the strong-faced woman, and Pat felt in every bone in his body that his position in that house had been settled for him. He scarcely knew how completely he had become "a member of Mrs. Porrance's family," or how much she was in the habit of being absolutely obeyed.

He got his hat and set out with the boys, and scarcely had they passed the gate before Sol Rogers turned upon him maliciously, with:

"Now, Pat, you'll be kind to poor Mrs. Porrance, won't you? Poor thing! You'll never abuse her?"

"If he does," added Van, "and she needs any help, I'm the man. It'll never do, Pat. Be good to her."

It was the first time Pat had laughed since the stage rolled into Bunkerville, and it did him good.

There was plenty of fun in the idea of the Widow Porrance being protected from him by those two boys—or by anybody else.

Still, he thought about that wood-carrying business, and he wondered how much wood there was likely to be in his academy experiences.

At that moment they were crossing the first street-corner beyond the widow's house, and something came buzzing between Sol's head and Van's, while something else struck solidly upon Pat's ribs.

"The village boys!" exclaimed Sol. "I reckoned they'd be on the lookout for us. Won't we pay 'em up, though?"

"Hullo," sung out a voice from the shadows on the other side of the street.

"Come to the 'Cademy, have ye?" and another brace of apples came buzzing by.

"Answer 'em in French, Van," said Sol. "That'll puzzle 'em. Don't I wish I knew some lingo! Pat, can you speak Irish? Let 'em have it, if you can."

Van was ready, and his first sentence was scarcely out of his mouth before another voice shouted:

"I say, they're foreigners. Give 'em some more apples."

More apples it was, and Pat put in all the wild Irish sentences he could think of.

"Hear that!" shouted one of the village boys. "It it doesn't sound like old Bette's Greek."

Then Pat dropped suddenly off into the most abusive German he could think of, for a hard apple took him on the calf of his left leg, and he did not know enough of Erse to express his feelings."

"What a lot of foreigners!" yelled one of the villagers. "Boys, let's go over and take a look at them. Hold on with your apples."

The three friends, however, had been picking up the flying fruit, and the moment a squad of boys, double their number, but about their own size, had half crossed the street, all close together, so they made a good mark even in that dim light, Sol whispered:

"Now, boys, let drive. Give it to 'em. They're a cowardly lot."

Cowardly or not, they got nearly a dozen of hard apples, at very short range, while Sol shouted:

"Honesty's the best policy. We don't want any apples that don't belong to us. Take 'em, and keep 'em."

"I say, fellers, that there's Sol Rogers. I know his voice. Now's our time to lick him. Come on."

Scarcely, however, had the speaker said "come on," before a Fall pippin, thrown by Pat Nolan, struck him just below the waistband, and with a loud "O-o-o-o-o!" the would-be assailant limped away across the road, with both hands on his stomach, followed by his friends.

"Sol," said Van, "are all the village boys like that?"

"No, indeed they sin't. Some of 'em are real good fellows. Can shoot and fish and play ball like anything. These are just the loafers. Glad that chap got that big apple just where he did. He doesn't want any more apples to-night."

"I guess not," said Van, who had distinguished himself by the correctness and force with which he had thrown his part of the ammunition.

"There's regular war," continued Sol, "between the academy boys and the village boys. It'd be worse if some of the villagers didn't go to the academy. Then, too, the boarding around gets us sort of acquainted."

"Do you have any fights?" asked Pat.

"Sometimes, but not very bad ones. The worst we have are among ourselves. We've got some awful mean chaps."

"Do you know 'em?"

"Some of 'em. There's the two Hinckleys, Bob and Joe. They were too much for me last year. They've got a regular crowd, and I didn't have any."

"We three sin't a crowd," said Pat.

"We're a powerful good beginning of one, then. All you want is a good start and the rest is sure to come. Here we are. That's the green."

"How many churches?"

"Yes, all sorts, but that big white one, next the middle of the green, is the academy. It's twice as big as any of the rest."

"So it is. But what does an academy want of a steeple?" asked Van.

"To put a bell in it. It rings every morning at quarter before nine, and you've got to be inside the chapel by nine or you get a black mark."

"We won't have far to go."

"No, not unless we've been fishing that morning. Sometimes it isn't easy to finish a game of ball just in time. You ask Doctor Betts if it is."

"Where does he live?"

"Up at the other end of the village. He can't fish or play ball, so he's always on hand in time. He's a real good little fellow."

Bunkerville was a very pretty sort of place, and it looked well by moonlight.

Sol pointed out its notable features one by one, and Pat and Van thought they had never been in anything nicer. Just now, however, they were beginning to feel the effects of their journey.

"It isn't so much that I'm tired," said Sol, as he led the way back, "as that I want to set you two a good example."

"That's kind of you," replied Van.

"And I've got my wood to carry in," dolefully remarked Pat Nolan.

"I say, Pat," exclaimed Sol, "she's come down on you rather sudden. Why couldn't she let you off the first night? I say it's rough. I'd tell her so if I wasn't afraid of hurting her feelings."

"Poor thing!" mockingly responded Pat. "But I guess I'll live through it."

Mrs. Porrance was waiting for them, but Almira had gone into a neighbor's house for a chat and to tell about the new boys.

Sol and Van went to their rooms at once, but Pat followed his mistress as she led the way into the kitchen.

There woodpile's in the back yard. Here's the wood-box. Soon as you've filled that you can go to bed. Do you know how to light a fire?"

"Not with wood. We use coal in the city. Is it harder to do?"

"I'll come down to-morrow morning and show you. After that, you must attend to it yourself. You are to earn just one half your board. That's my agreement with Mr. Rivington. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am. I guess I can do that easy enough."

"We'll see. I'll take care that you do. Is your mother living?"

"Yes, ma'am. Her name's Maguire."

"Oh, she's married again. Well, it's none of my business. I never meddle with what doesn't concern me. Did you ever go to school much?"

"The city public schools."

"You can read, then?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And write and cipher?"

"Yes, ma'am. I learned all they tried to teach me."

"But you don't know Greek and Latin?"

"No, ma'am, but we had a good many other things instead of them."

"Then you'll have to study hard, that's all I've got to say. But I'm glad you can read and write."

There were not many boys in Bunker Academy who could have beaten Pat Nolan in either one; but he did not feel like boasting with that somewhat grim-visaged woman looking down in his face, and he hurried out to the woodpile.

His task was by no means a hard one to begin with. Nothing like so hard as carrying home heavy baskets of clean clothes, as he had so often had to do.

Pat was very much inclined to be satisfied with his prospects, but he had yet to learn the entire meaning of a woodpile. It is one thing in warm, September weather, and it is quite another about Christmas, and from that time forward.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Fall term of Bunker Academy was to begin on the following Monday, and nearly all the scholars—or students as they called themselves—from a distance were already on hand. As last as they arrived they were expected to report themselves to Doctor Betts, to be duly enrolled on the books. The doctor spent every forenoon at the academy chapel for that purpose, and Sol Rogers had his friends across the green the next morning, a little after nine o'clock.

Pat Nolan had already learned how to make a "wood fire," for he had been up since before daybreak, and he was in very good spirits, in spite of the ordeal before him. In fact, it was not easy to keep down Pat Nolan's spirits for any great length of time.

"Now, Pat, remember," said Sol, as they were about to enter, "you must be careful not to laugh at little Doctor Betts."

Pat thought of "poor Mrs. Porrance," and a broad grin was spreading across his face just as he caught sight of the tremendous proportions of the academy "principal," towering behind a book-strewn table at the further end of the not very extensive "chapel."

The seats were arranged in rows, each a little higher than the one in front of it, so that when they were full the boys and girls, or "young lady and young gentleman students," were all in full view from the doctor's desk.

A very tall and a very large man was he, and he caught the mocking smile on Pat Nolan's face.

"Ah-ha, got another of that sort!" he said to himself. "I must put that fellow through a bit of an examination. He needs taking down."

Very stern and dignified, therefore, was the doctor's greeting, even after he informed Patrick that he had received a letter concerning him from his friend, Mr. Rivington.

"You, Master Rogers, will go right on in your classes. Here is your list for Monday. Master Rivington's is the same as your own for the present. I may make some changes for him after a week or so. Master Nolan, I must examine you before I can tell where to put you."

There had been several others in the room when the three boys entered, and more were coming in, so that poor Pat had quite an audience around him when his trial began.

Still, it was not so terrible a thing as the doctor imagined for a New York public school boy.

"Read that, sir. Read it aloud."

Pat read it, clearly and well. In spite of the mellow brogue that belonged to him, and the doctor remarked:

"Very well, my boy; very well. One more example. Read that."

But the doctor's attention had been half way diverted by the entrance of several new-comers, and he handed Pat, by mistake, a German reader.

Pat could talk that language better than read it, but he plunged ahead.

"Hold on, sir. That's the wrong book. Never mind. You give me the meaning of it?"

"I can spell it for yez in English," blundered poor Pat.

"Do it, then."

And he did it, and came so far from spelling it that the worthy doctor muttered:

"Nothing but a public school education, eh? Wonder if he knows French?"

"Only a little, sir. Not enough to read it. I can just speak it a little."

"Then! That's all, eh? Well, let's see about your mathematics."

So he did, and Pat "spelled" one example after another in a way that set the doctor to probing him on algebra and geometry. Pat was perfect in everything belonging to the "grades" he had passed through, and it was the same with his geography and his grammar.

"Oh!" exclaimed the doctor, "I quite forgot. Your Greek and Latin?"

"Never touched my tongue to ayther one of 'em," groaned Pat.

"I declare, then, I'm glad of it. You'll have plenty of time to give them. Strange that a boy should learn all that in a mere city public school. He could scarcely have done much better in Bunker Academy. Must be an uncommonly bright boy."

Little did the "principal" know about city public schools; but he had a clearer idea before he finished his acquaintance with Pat Nolan.

All hope to our thorough-going "people's academies," and may they keep on improving, for there's plenty of room for it yet.

"That will do, sir," added Doctor Betts to Pat. "There is your Greek and Latin list for Monday. I will see about your other branches. You may all go now."

"Pat!" exclaimed Sol, as soon as they were out on the green, "did I not tell you to be good to Doctor Betts?"

"And what then?"

"Here you've been and puzzled the poor little fellow, the very first morning. He doesn't know what to make of you at all. No more do I. Did you ever catch a woodchuck?"

"Never a one. What's a woodchuck?"

"Don't you know? I wish Doctor Betts had remembered to ask you that."

"What is it, any way?"

"Well, if I tell you, then you'll know. They're a dreadful savage beast. We'll go for some one of these days; after we get our guns. It would never do to go for woodchucks till you're well armed."

Pat determined to hunt up some better information on the woodchuck question before the subject came up again, but just then Sol exclaimed:

"There go Bob and Joe Hinckley, as big and ugly as ever. Ain't I glad they don't board in the same house with me this term!"

"Did they, ever?" asked Van.

"All last Winter, and a fine time they gave me. I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for Mrs. Porrance. They were a deal more afraid of her than they were of me."

"Not thought it quite likely, for the two Hinckley boys were, either of them, half a head taller than Van himself.

They looked pretty strong, too, but there was a sort of a clumsy slouch in their gait which was very different from the erect, firm, graceful carriage of that young gentleman.

At that very moment they were discussing Sol and his new friends.

"He and the red-headed fellow are about of a size," remarked Bob, with a vicious snap of his black eyes.

"Yes," returned Joe; "that's the Irish fellow that's to do Mother Porrance's chores for her. He isn't much. The other chap's taller."

"Sort of a city dandy. May be good at his books. Guess he won't amount to a great deal at anything else."

"We'll get his measure. Either one of us could clean out all three of 'em."

But Sol Rogers was saying, at that very moment:

"Boys, let's go back and get our trunks open. You and I mustn't neglect our practice, Van."

"All right," said Van.

"I opened my trunk last night," said Pat, "and all my clothes are out and my clothes hung up in the closet. Mrs. Porrance said this morning she'd take care of my shirts and collars for me. That was kind of her."

"Did she? Well, she's a good sort of a woman if you can keep on the right side of her. There's about half the folks in Bunkerville don't know exactly how to do it. So much the worse for them."

"I guess so," remarked Van.

Back to the house they went, and their first visit was to Pat's little room.

"All those books yours?" exclaimed Sol. "I declare, what lots and lots of good reading! Enough for all Winter if you don't read too much. I'll let you read all my Greek and Latin for me, if you'll lend me one of those books of novels."

"Somebody's borrowed one of 'em already," remarked Pat, with an expression of anxiety on his face.

"Oh, never mind that," said Sol. "I saw that sweet girl, Almira Porrance, reading something by the dining-room window as we came in. It must be her. She's death on novels."

"I don't mind if she is," said Pat, "so the books stay in the house."

"Look out for her, then. The Bunkerville girls are awful borrowers."

"Are they? Had I better lock up my books?"

"By no means, now they know you've got 'em. Your life wouldn't be safe. But don't ever lend anybody one of those books of novels."

"Somebody's borrowed one of 'em already," remarked Pat, with an expression of anxiety on his face.

"Oh, never mind that," said Sol. "I saw that sweet girl, Almira Porrance, reading something by the dining-room window as we came in. It must be her. She's death on novels."

"I don't mind if she is," said Pat, "so the books stay in the house."

"Look out for her, then. The Bunkerville girls are awful borrowers."

"Are they? Had I better lock up my books?"

"By no means, now they know you've got 'em. Your life wouldn't be safe. But don't ever lend anybody one of those books of novels."

"Afraid of blowing himself up, perhaps," laughed Van.

"Well, yes, I forgot to say the rascally thing had burst twice before he got hold of it," drawled Sol. "Now come on into our room and we'll attend to our duties."

Pat Nolan was not without some natural boyish curiosity, and his friends had plenty of things to show him.

More books than he had, three to one, besides their school-books, and Sol said he had more to come, in a box that was to be sent him from home; but a more thorough examination of their treasures came to an end for the time when Van Rivington dragged from the depths of one of his trunks a handsome pair of boxing-gloves.

"Those are the beauties for me!" exclaimed Sol. "Can you use them, Pat?"

"A little. But I never had much practice."

"Van has, then. It's just lovely to see him box. He's teaching me, and you'd better let him give you a lesson or two, Pat. Boxing is a wonderful thing in a world like this, where so many of the boys are bigger than you are."

"And where they know it so well," added Van. "Come Sol, on with 'em."

He was indeed a capital boxer for his size, alert, strong-armed, and as quick as a flash. Sol was no sort of a match for him, although he was evidently picking up the science pretty fast.

"You could make it interesting for a greenhorn, now," said Van, as Sol drew back, out of breath. "Pat, will you put on the gloves?"

"I'm no match for you, but I'd like to learn. I'll try a little."

No match, indeed. Not many boys of Van's size, or larger, were likely to be that. But Van complimented Pat on promising to become "an uncommonly hard hitter," his arms were so strong, and he was so firm and steady on his feet.

"Our crowd won't be laughed at after a while," remarked Sol; "but we mustn't get into any scrapes i we can help it. Little Doctor Betts is dreadfully down on all that sort of thing."

Pat remembered some of his own past experience among the rough-and-ready street-boys of the great city, but he kept his thoughts to himself. He had come to Bunkerville for an education, and he meant to stick to his purpose faithfully.

Still, no man, young or old, can be quite sure of what the future may have in store for him.

It was nearly dinner-time, now and Mrs. Porrance's voice came up the stairs, clear as a bell:

"Patrick, I want you!"

"More wood," said Sol. "But, then, it's that they cook the dinner with.

CHAPTER IX.

"WE'VE one very remarkable boy come in to-day," remarked Doctor Betts to his wife, as they sat down to dinner.

"What sort of a boy?"

"Irish. The one Mr. Rivington wrote me about. The reddest hair you ever saw. He's had nothing but a mere public school education, and yet he's so well ahead in some branches that I scarcely know where to put him."

"How old is he?"

"Fourteen. Strong and hearty. Got the making of a man in him. It is not often I get so deeply interested in a new boy."

"Did not Mr. Rivington say he was very poor?"

"Poor, but not very. He is quite well clad, though plainly. Well as most of our farmer boys. He is to work out part of his board at Mrs. Porrance's."

"That's not uncommon. Some boys do that with fathers that are well able to pay their way."

"It doesn't hurt 'em. Sometimes I think it helps to keep them out of mischief. This boy looks as if there might be plenty of fun in him."

"Not a bad boy?"

"No, but not the sort of a boy the rest had better pick out to play tricks on."

"What sort of a boy is Mr. Rivington's own son?"

"I don't quite know what to make of him. He didn't say three words. He looks bright enough. He's a little taller than Sol Rogers, and a hundred times better-looking."

"But, then, doctor, you would scarcely call Sol a beauty."

Sol himself had often complained that his features were but little appreciated. What would he have thought if he had heard Mrs. Betts make that very unfeeling remark?

Poor Sol! It was well for him that his wits promised to do better things for his fortune than his face was ever likely to.

Doctor Betts understood him, however, and thought a good deal of him, in spite of the somewhat troublesome nature of some of his last year's adventures.

That was more than Mrs. Porrance could yet say of Pat Nolan, or he of her.

"He's a strong, willing fellow," she remarked to Almira.

"We'll get lots of work out of him," responded the young lady, "but we must see to it that he does not get behind in his studies."

"He's at them now, up-stairs."

That was after dinner.

The other boys went out for a tour of exploration through the village, Sol, particularly, being anxious to know "How many of last year's boys had come back again."

It was not long before he declared:

"I say, Van, Bob and Joe Hinckley 'll have pretty much all their old crowd. As mean as ever. They're the biggest and meanest of the lot, though. There ain't many ugly things they ain't up to. We'll have trouble with them, you see if we don't."

But Pat had not felt like going out with them. He scarcely felt at home with them as yet, in spite of the hearty equality with which they treated him.

Besides, he was tremendously anxious about his Greek and Latin. Terribly hard and mysterious tongues they seemed, as he sat and stared at his first lessons. He was half way astonished when he found, before the afternoon was over, and Mrs. Porrance called him down-stairs, that he could repeat, from end to end, the not very difficult tasks assigned to him for the first day.

"I'll go right on wid 'em to-morrow," he said to himself. "I can say that cruked Grake alphabet already. Sure and thim letters are aisier than German, any day."

So they were, and as for the Latin, he was almost beginning to lose his reverence for it.

"Can you milk?" asked Mrs. Porrance, as Pat threw down a great armful of wood into the wood-box.

"Milk, is it? Sure it's little of that sort of work we get in the city."

"Well, I do not think I shall keep a cow at the house this season. I've rented my farm. But I mean to have my pony team sent over in a day or two. It will be part of your work to take care of them. You'll have the chickens to feed some of the time."

"Is it horses, ma'am? 'Deed and I'd be glad of that. I'd soon learn to drive 'em."

"Do you like horses?"

"Don't I, then? Only I never had anything to do wid 'em."

"You'll have plenty. To-morrow I shall need you pretty much all day. You must stay at home this evening. I shall not want you to go out often after supper. Boys that do are sure to get into mischief."

Pat's life had been rather a free one up to this time, and it was something new to him to be told, especially by another woman than his own mother, what he must do with his time.

There was something in Mrs. Porrance's face, however, which forbade any remonstrance, and Pat was silent, but he hurried out for another armful of wood.

That evening Sol and Van invited him into their room, and he carried his Greek "Introduction" with him, but he did not find them at their lessons.

"We're going a-fishing to-morrow," remarked Sol, as he pointed to a pair of very decent-looking jointed rods that lay on the bed. "Saturday's the day for that. I'm to give young Rivington a lesson in swimming, too. It's his father's particular orders. You'll come with us, of course?"

"No, Sol, I'm tied to the house," said Pat, somewhat dolefully. "Sorra one of me knows what it's for, but there's work to the fore."

"Work! On Saturday? Did the Porrance woman say that? I never heard the like. What won't she do next? Patrick, I must see little Doctor Betts about that."

"I must stay, though."

"No help for it. Look at that hook, now, and that line. Don't feel bad about it. Your turn'll come—that is, if Van and I don't use up all the angle worms and catch all the fish."

"We'll try and leave some for Pat," laughed Van. "Have you looked at your lessons, Pat?"

"Deed and I have."

"Patrick," exclaimed Sol, "I'd forgotten my duties. Let me hear you say them. Don't squirm now, as I often remark to the worms; it'll do you good. Fetch on your books."

True enough, Sol and Van had been talking the matter over, and they had decided to volunteer as special tutors for Pat's benefit.

Anything better could scarcely have happened to him, and they little knew what a grand thing it was likely to be for themselves. If you want to learn more about anything than you ever knew before, try to teach it to somebody else.

It's one way of finding out how little you know.

Pat's first recitation in the "dead languages," therefore, was to his two young friends, and they were in shouts of enthusiasm over the way he did it.

"I've done the next one," said Pat.

"Two in a day!" exclaimed Sol. "Do you hear that, Van? The young man from Ireland and the Fourth Ward has knocked over two lessons. We'll have to tie him up. Pat, let's hear them."

Hear the second they did, and Van became talkative over such rare proficiency.

"Go ahead, Pat; there's no telling where you'll bring up. What you want to do is to get out of the lower class. You rate as high as either of us in everything else. If Doctor Betts isn't a fool he'll be glad of it."

"Doctor Betts a fool? Did I hear you correctly?" said Sol. "No, no, Van, my boy. I've been with him too long for that. The little man is no fool. I don't just now call to mind anything I think you could teach him, unless it might be billiards. Do you know I'm not half sure he can't box?"

"I shan't try him," said Van. "He's too long in the reach."

"And he fills his belt just a little too full for you or me. But he's no fool, Van, the doctor isn't."

That was the impression received by most boys after a term or two at Bunker Academy.

Before bedtime all sorts of tackle were in readiness for the next day's fishing, and Pat had laid aside his lessons for a peep at one of Doctor Hecker's presents.

THREE BOYS.—"YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY. TO-MORROW I SHALL NEED YOU PRETTY MUCH ALL DAY. YOU MAY STAY AT HOME THIS EVENING. SHALL NOT WANT YOU TO GO OUT OFTEN AFTER SUPPER. BOYS THAT DO ARE SURE TO GET INTO MISCHIEF."—SEE PAGE 182.

CHAPTER X.

"MRS. PORRANCE," said Sol Rogers, at the breakfast-table next morning, "cold sausages are excellent."

"Are they?"

"The finest fruit I know of. Just the thing for a lunch."

"No doubt of it."

"Can we have some?"

"What for?"

"Mr. Van Rensselaer Rivington, of New York, this young man here and myself, are going out into the wilderness for some fish."

"Are you? Well, I suppose I must put you up some lunch. Cold sausages are as good as anything. Almira, try two more."

"Two, Mrs. Porrance? Or did I hear you say two dozen?"

"Two, Sol. I saw you in the garden digging your bait, and I tried what I thought would be enough, but you and Van have both eaten more than I expected. Pat has fallen off a little, but not enough to make up."

Van looked at her in astonishment, but there was not so much as a twinkle in her steady brown eyes.

No, it could not be possible that Mrs. Porrance had any fun in her.

"Thank you, Mrs. Porrance," said Sol. "We will bring you some fish."

"Wish I were sure of it. Remember how you disappointed me two or three times last Fall?"

"That was because we went in swimming before we tried our hooks and lines. We mean to have a swim this time, but we'll catch our fish first."

"If you catch them," said Miss Almira, doubtfully.

"Catch them? Pat, my boy, you've no idea what you're missing. You must let him go some day, Mrs. Porrance."

"Perhaps I will. Some day when I really need some fish."

It was clear that she had small faith in the skill of Sol Rogers, but it was not till they were fairly on the way that Van Rivington heard the truth of the matter.

"It wasn't that we didn't catch fish enough, Van, but I didn't always bring 'em home. It went against my grain to see those two Hinckley boys gorging themselves with fish of my catching. It seemed such a waste of the fish."

"But they had to eat, I suppose?"

"Well, Mother Porrance was not running her table very high, just then, and fresh fish were too good a variation. I'm not spiteful, but I have my preferences. I'd rather feed some folks than some others."

"But you missed it yourself?"

"Not quite. I got invited out three times to help eat my own fish, and there was hot mince pie, too, every time. If you ever give away any fish, Van, give 'em to folks that make good mince pies. There's profit in it."

Sol looked as wise as an owl when he said that, and Van was compelled to admit that there might be something in it.

Sol had told Van the tramp would be a sharp one to the little lake among the hills which he had selected for their afternoon's sport, but it was every inch as long a walk as Van had counted on. Sol seemed inclined to hurry the matter, too, and long before they got there both of them were contented to trudge along in silence.

"It's a pretty place," said Van, as he looked across what seemed a mere pond of scarcely a dozen acres, on two sides of which the green pasture-land sloped to the water's edge, while the other two were steep, rocky, and thickly grown with trees and bushes.

"It's a pretty place. Are there many fish here?"

"Sometimes. Then again you might fish all day and not get a bite. Our best place is over yonder, between those two stumps. I hope it hasn't been all fished out."

A nice, shady place was the one Sol pointed to, and they pushed for it eagerly.

"Silence!" whispered Sol; "I mustn't let the fish know I'm here."

"How about me?"

"You, too. They're always shy of strangers. The less talk the more fish. There's the bait; throw in as soon as you're ready."

It there is one thing in the wide world that is dull and prosy to all but the very persons who are doing it, it is putting worms on hooks and catching fish with them. Even when the "luck" is fairly good, as it was in this case, there is no such thing as getting excited about it.

"Pumpkinseed," said Sol, as Van pulled up one. "First bite for you, best luck for me. Here it comes. I've got him. Hello, if it isn't a bullhead!"

"Better'n nothing."

"Would be if the were bigger."

"I've another bite. Ho!" and Van very neatly landed a half-pound perch. Sol followed soon with a second bullhead, and then there was a pause.

"I must whistle for them," began Sol, when his float suddenly went under, and his slender rod bent savagely with the stroke of something stronger than perch or sunfish.

"Play him!" exclaimed Van. "He's a big one. He'll break your line."

"No, he won't. He's a pickerel. I know him. It's more his temper than his weight. I'll bring him in."

Sol showed a very decent degree of skill, however, in the way he humored and teased that fish, and he was a proud boy when he drew him to land, for his tactic was by no means strong, and the pickerel must have weighed a pound and a half.

Meantime, Van had pulled in two more good-sized "pumpkin-seeds," or sunfish, and it looked as if their day was likely to be a good one.

"Splendid beginning," said Sol; "but it's too good to last. We must work hard while it does."

"Why, will it end early?"

"Always does with me. It works that way even at dinner. No matter how hungry I am when I sit down, I can't keep it up. Half the time I'm used up when they bring in the pie—— There, I've got another pickerel, only he isn't so big. I can fetch him right in."

The sport was really very good, and before noon the two boys had laid in a string of fish of various sorts and sizes, which, as Sol expressed it, "Was calculated to encourage Mrs. Porrance on the fish question."

"They'll weigh something, too, before we get 'em home," remarked Van, who was thinking of the long walk.

"I reckon they will. Anyhow, let's have lunch and a swim. Then we can loaf around in the woods a while, and return to Bunkerville."

"I'll do the loafing and you carry home the fish."

"No, we'll eat all the lunch and put them in the basket. Hullo, what's gone with the sausages?"

Sol had pulled in his line as he talked, and was now bending over what seemed to be a mere piece of empty wickerwork.

"The sausages? Sol, have you been mean enough to eat them all?"

"How could we have lost them?"

"Lost them? No, Sol, you can't play that game on me. There's one sticking out of your vest-pocket."

And Van, even as he spoke, began to pull, or seem to pull, cold sausages out of his cousin's pockets, hair, mouth, and even out of his left eye.

"Splendid!" shouted Sol. "I remember it all now. But how you have improved! Old Bliss himself couldn't do it much better. We must keep it a secret, though. Have you learned any other trick?"

"Piles of 'em. It's wonderful easy after you get a start."

"I never could get a start. I couldn't pull a sausage out of my own mouth, let alone any other fellow's. Let's put some in, though. I can do that to perfection."

When lunch was over, Sol remarked:

"It's against rules to go in swimming just after eating. Let's fish a while and then try it."

That was wise, but it was just as he prophesied in the morning. Their luck had left them, and not so much as a "shiner" did they add to their basket of fish. There would have been room for some, too, for the last sausage was gone, with every atom of other food provided for them by Mrs. Porrance. Much as she knew about boys, she had not overestimated their appetites.

"When, at last, Sol deemed it safe to go into the water, he showed himself a very respectable teacher.

"Can't you swim a stroke?" he asked, as they stood, all ready, by the margin.

"Not a stroke. I've waded around a little, down at the seashore and in the surf at Coney Island, but that's not swimming."

"I don't care. All there is of swimming is not to be afraid. The water'll carry you if you'll give it a fair chance."

"I ain't afraid. I can do anything I see you do."

"Can you let yourself stay under, all but your face, and just lean forward and move your arms slow?"

"I guess so."

"Not fast at all? Just lie out in the water and pull ahead, without getting in a hurry?"

"I can. You'll see."

Then just follow me. Mind, if you get flurried you'll go under, and if you don't you won't. That's all there is of swimming."

Van had seen men swim before, often enough, and it seemed to him he understood what Sol meant. Still, it must have taken a good deal of clean grit for him to go right in after his young teacher, as he did, and rigidly imitate every motion Sol made.

Then came the surprise of it.

Van found that it was just as Sol said. The water supported him, so long as he only wanted to keep his face above it and kept his arms in motion. It was a wonderfully pleasant sensation, and he fairly shouted with delight as he actually *struck out and swam!*

"You'll do," exclaimed Sol. "The chap that can box and fence as you can won't get tired easy. By-and-by you'll learn to dive and float and swim on your back, and all sorts of things. Let's go out, now."

"Oh, I'd like to stay in."

"What, with all that walk before us?"

"And the fish to carry. I'd almost forgotten that. Any how, I can swim?"

"You'll never forget how, now you've once learned. The Hinckley boys can swim like fish. It's the best thing about them."

"Where do they come from?"

"Oh, a sort of neighbors of mine at home. Didn't use to be, but their folks moved a mile nearer last Summer. Their mother thinks they're just perfection."

"What does she think of you?"

"Some thing, unless they've poisoned her mind against me."

If Sol Rogers did not have a good opinion of him-

GENERAL SANTA ANNA, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

sell, he was the last boy in the world to let anybody know it.

And then it is just possible he had.

Boys are apt to have, at his age.

However that might be, he and Van made up their minds before they got the basket of fish into Bunkerville that their "game" must have been eating something on the way. It got heavier and heavier with every mile.

They lugged it pluckily in, however, and were marching proudly down the main street toward home, when Sol suddenly broke out with:

"I say, Van, something's up over yonder. There's the Hinckley boys and their whole crowd."

"And there's Pat Nolen, too, with his back against the fence. Come on, Sol. Let's go right in."

(To be continued.)

"Three Boys" was commenced in No. 651.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

IN our neighboring republic of Mexico the words "patriot" and "traitor" have been so bandied back and forth by the different political parties there as to almost lose the significance that we attach to them. According to Mexican interpretations a patriot is one who supports the party, or, more properly, the person in power, and when that party or person is overthrown, as is inevitable, all those of his or its supporters who remain true become at once traitors. Thus General Santa Anna was a patriot or a traitor according to whichever way you look at the question.

During the present century Mexico has been twice a republic and twice an empire, and there is very little doubt that the form of government will change again ere the century closes. In one of these changes Santa Anna was instrumental, and in another he was the chief actor, while in a third he was in disgrace, and in a fourth he was in exile.

He was born at Jalapa, February 21st, 1798, and began his military career in 1821 against the Royalists, and after some success was given the command of Vera Cruz, in 1822. The year before Santa Anna's entry into active life Mexico became separated from Spain, and the two parties were then called Constitutionalists, or those who supported Mexico's independence, and Royalists, or those who desired to retain allegiance to Spain. Don Agustin Iturbide, a native Mexican, and formerly a colonel in the Royalist army, proclaimed Mexico independent, February 24th, 1821. Assisted by the Mexican generals, of whom Santa Anna was one, the whole country soon acknowledged his authority. But Iturbide was ambitious, and on May 19th, 1822 he was proclaimed Emperor of Mexico, under the title of Agustin I. But his reign was short. Santa Anna, who had heretofore been a patriot, now became a traitor, of course without changing his opinions, and in company with Generals Bravo Guerrero and other chiefs, proclaimed the republic at Vera Cruz on December 2d. Iturbide abdicated on March 19th, 1823, rather than see his country again plunged into civil war.

The Congress appointed a new government, and on October 4th, 1824, a constitution similar to our own was adopted, and Mexico was thus formed into a republic, with nineteen States and five Territories. In 1828 the two candidates for the presidency were Pedraza and Guerrero. The former was elected, but the partisans of the latter took up arms and Pedraza was compelled to flee the country, and Guerrero was installed April 1st, 1829. Santa Anna, who had aided Guerrero, became Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief of the Army. In 1829 the Spanish government made an effort to regain the lost colony, and in July an invasion under General Barradas landed at Cabo Iniqo, near Tampico, with four thousand troops, but Santa Anna repulsed the invaders and Barradas surrendered on September 11th.

BOY, THE RANGER.—"SELIA RETREATED TO ONE CORNER, AND, PLACING HER BACK AGAINST THE WALL, AND HOLDING THE SWORD EXTENDED BEFORE HER, STOOD AT BAY."

But political troubles arose. General Anastasio Bustamente, the Vice-President, pronounced against Guerrero, and with the assistance of Santa Anna Guerrero was overthrown, and Bustamente elected in his stead, January, 11th, 1830, and in February, 1831 Guerrero was executed. Bustamente was succeeded by Pedraza, whom Santa Anna deposed in three months after, and on April 1st, 1833, Santa Anna himself became President.

He was popular, though suspected of aiming at the imperial crown. His administration was successful, and on several occasions he took the field in person to quell disturbances and insurrections.

Texas now rebelled against the general government, and appealed to our government for aid. Santa Anna took the army to crush the rebellion, and in February, 1836, reached the Rio Grande at the head of six thousand troops. He at first was successful, but at San Jacinto he was totally routed on April 21st by General Sam Houston, and on the following day he was taken prisoner. He was at once deposed by the Mexicans from the Presidential office, and retired to this country, but in 1837 he returned to Mexico, took part in the defense of Vera Cruz against the French bombardment, sustaining an injury which necessitated the amputation of his leg.

But he could not keep out of politics, and took active part in the contention between the Centralists and Federalists, being attached to the former party, which, on October 10th, 1841, made him provisional President and virtually Dictator, which position he occupied till June 4th, 1844, and was re-elected on that date, but was deposed by a new revolution, September 20th, 1844, taken prisoner, January 15th, 1845, and banished for ten years. But in 1846 he was recalled, made generalissimo, and in December he again became Constitutional President.

The war with the United States now broke out, terminating on September 14th, 1847, with the fall of the City of Mexico and the resignation of the Presidency by Santa Anna, who, on April 5th, 1848, sailed for Jamaica. In 1853 he returned to Mexico, and was received with great enthusiasm and appointed President, but he fomented a new revolution, and was declared President for life, with power to appoint his successor, and with the title of Most Serene Highness, but in two years he abdicated, and on August 16th, 1855, sailed for Havana.

When Maximilian was made Mexican Emperor the irrepressible adventurer again turned up, and was made grand marshal of the empire; notwithstanding this, in 1866, he was implicated in a conspiracy against the Emperor, and was forced to leave. In 1867 he made a final attempt to gain ascendency in the new republic, but was taken prisoner at Vera Cruz and condemned to death, but was pardoned by President Juarez on condition that he never reappear on Mexican soil. He then came to this country, but upon the death of Juarez he returned to his native land, and lived in seclusion in the City of Mexico until his death, which took place about two years ago.

Santa Anna was a man of brilliant genius, but utterly unscrupulous in the application of his talents. Ambitious of supreme power, he did not care whether he was called prince or president. The power was his object. If he could wield the sway while another occupied the office he was content. His numerous rebellions, revolutions and disturbances were all directed to the one end—power for himself.

Personally he was a brave man, and had the faculty of making himself very popular with the people. Time after time when he was exiled and banished he would return, and be received with open arms, and it was only his extreme age that prevented him from making a final attempt for sovereignty after his latest return to Mexico.

Distinguished Scholars of Our Schools.

THOMAS J. MALONE,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 20, WALCOTT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THOMAS J. MALONE is another boy whose good conduct and success in school have made him an example. He is making one hundred per cent. in the studies of the first section of the second grammar class of Grammar School No. 20, Walcott Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was born in South Carolina, July 22d, 1865, and is therefore in his fourteenth year. He is the son of John and Mary Malone. When eight years old he became a pupil in the lowest class of the Primary Department of No. 20. He has studied well throughout, and advanced by regular promotions to his present class. He is a very attentive and methodical learner. He comprehends quickly and clearly, but he is never satisfied with any except the most careful study. He is never in a hurry, never jumps at conclusions, and never makes mere memory take the place of a clear understanding of his subject. Hence he has been found one of the most reliable and progressive scholars in the higher as well as the lower studies. He has an intelligent and cheerful face. His manners are modest, and he is obliging and respectful to all. As a boy he seems to realize very fully his duties and opportunities. There is no departure at any time from the right line of conduct. Consequently his future is full of hope in whatever department of life he may be an actor.

THOMAS J. MALONE, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 20, WALCOTT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

JESSIE M. WAUGH,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 12, CRESCENT AVENUE, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

JESSIE M. WAUGH is a distinguished pupil of the first division of the first class of Grammar School No. 12, Crescent Avenue, Jersey City, N. J. She is making one hundred per cent., and was selected as a representative of the class by a ballot taken at the time of our visit to the school. She was born in New York City, September 26th, 1865, and is, therefore, thirteen years of age. She is the daughter of Alexander and Annie Waugh. At the age of seven she entered the Primary Department of Grammar School No. 33, in this city, and some years later became a pupil in the Grammar Department of Grammar School No. 2, in Jersey City. Subsequently she entered the second grammar class of her present school. In these different schools, and in all the classes up to the highest division of the first class of No. 12, she bears the same record. At all times "excellent" in study and deportment, she has very frequently held the same "perfect" rank that she does at this time. Study with her has always been a great pleasure, and it is the constant effort of her ambition to stand among the foremost scholars. She has an intellectual and amiable face, with gentle and ladylike manners. In her class are other pupils of marked proficiency. The rivalry appeals to her sensitive nature with irresistible power, making her even more diligent than when in other classes. This notice is one reward for her perseverance, and others will come through the advantages of culture as long as she shall live.

JESSIE M. WAUGH, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 12, CRESCENT AVENUE, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

ROY, THE RANGER.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEWILDERED and perplexed at being so unceremoniously thrust from the room by Zelia, Roy went through the passage and emerged into the open air, where he found Tom Meade, and Hartnett and Graghty impatiently awaiting him. Through the gloom gleamed the light of several camp-fires, which made it evident that Romano Falcon and his officers only occupied the farm-house, leaving the main body of his men to bivouac under the trees of the chaparral.

"What kept you so long, Roy?" inquired Tom.

"I was talking to Zelia—Mrs. Bellingham, I mean."

"You had quite a confab. You must have found her conversation very interesting?" rejoined Tom, roguishly.

"I did. She told me strange things."

"What?" cried Tom, inquisitively.

He had more than an ordinary share of Yankee curiosity.

"I cannot stop to tell you now; wait until we reach the camp."

"All right."

"Are you to conduct us?" Roy inquired of Hartnett.

"Yes, out of the limits of our camp to the edge of the chaparral," replied that individual. "But you'll have no difficulty in finding your way back to Point Isabel, as all you have to do is to make a bee-line straight across the prairie."

"Lead on, then."

Hartnett and Roy walked along side by side and Graghty and Tom followed them in the same order. They went by the well-beaten path leading from the farm-house through the chaparral.

The night was now well advanced. The moon had sunk, but the stars glittered brightly overhead.

Roy and Tom Hartnett conversed as they walked along.

"I didn't think that woman could have got you out of the scrape so easily," said Harnett. "She's got a face handsome enough to bamboozle the devil, and if there ever was a devil, this Romano Falcon is one. He's a cowardly, treacherous whelp, though he makes the Mexican part of his band think he is a great man."

Roy was rather surprised to hear him speak in such a derogatory manner of his chief.

"Why, then, do you serve under him?" he inquired.

Hartnett laughed in a rasping, guttural manner, which was his peculiar way of indicating mirth, and answered with the old saw:

"Needs must when the devil drives!"

"But I see no necessity for the must," continued Roy. "I think you are capable of something better than your present mode of life."

"Do you?" cried Hartnett, amazedly.

"Indeed I do!"

Hartnett shook his head in a dubious manner.

"Ah, you don't know me, my boy," he exclaimed. "You don't know what a bad egg I have been since I was knee-high to a chaw terbacky. I never knew what it was to be good. I grew up in the gutters of Ann Street, and I took to stealing as naturally as a gosling does to water."

Roy could but smile at this honest admission.

"I think I could make something out of you, notwithstanding," he replied. "We've got some tough customers among our rangers, but we don't mind that if they only fight well."

"Oh, as far as the fighting is concerned, I might be counted on."

"There's no doubt of that. So suppose that you and your comrade just keep along with us to Point Isabel?"

Hartnett shook his head.

"It can't be done, my boy," he responded. "Me and Ned's been in the army, and quite a time, too. We were stationed at Fort Jessup, down in Loo-y-anna, before we came here. We deserted at Fort Brown, and swam across the river to Metamoras. There we fell in with this Romano Falcon, who was hunting up recruits. He told us there would be lots of chances for plunder, and offered to make us

his lieutenants, as we knew something about soldiering—which is more than two-thirds of his crew does. Ned thought it looked promising, and as I didn't care much what I did, as long as I could make something by it, we just took a hand in."

"But don't you think the honorable career of a soldier is better than this marauding and plundering business?" persisted Roy.

"Of course it is, for a young man that's got the world all before him, as you have, my boy; but 'tain't no use for an old scoundrel like me, that's grown gray in rascality, to try to begin over now."

"I wish you would join us and try," urged Roy.

"Lord love ye, my boy! they'd shoot me for a deserter the moment they found me out; and old as I am, I am not quite ready to die yet."

"How are they going to find you out? Ours is an independent organization—we are not regular troops, only volunteers. You can take any name you like."

Still Hartnett shook his head dissentingly.

"It won't work, my boy," he answered. "I'm much obliged to you for giving me the offer, but Ned and I will stick to the Mexican just a while longer. You see we made something handsome by deserting; the Mexican Government gave us three hundred and twenty acres apiece, free title, and when Ned and me has picked up a snug little sum we're going to build a rancho on our land and start a cattle farm. That's our present plan, and we calculate to follow it up. If we were to join your rangers, we'd lose our land; don't you see?"

"I fancy that you could get as much from the United States," rejoined Roy, "for we shall take a good slice of territory from Mexico as an indemnification for the expense of the war, when it's over."

Hartnett chuckled.

"It'll be over before you think, my boy," he made answer. "I know more about the situation of affairs than you do."

"Undoubtedly. Your opportunities have been greater for obtaining information, as I have only just arrived upon the field. You think General Taylor's position at Fort Brown is perilous?"

"He's just surrounded. There's twenty thousand Mexicans between the fort and Point Isabel. He'll have to surrender—he can't get out of it."

This information made Roy look grave.

"He found a strong body of lancers on the plain."

"And your party got whipped?"

"Yes; it was the first fight our raw recruits had been in, and the Mexicans charged us so suddenly that our men were dispersed, and retreated in confusion. Captain Walker got safely off, I think, with a portion of the command, but I cannot say for certain, as my comrade and myself were driven into the chaparral, only escaping from the lancers to fall into the hands of your party. But for the opportune presence of Mrs. Bellingham in the camp I think it would have gone hard with us."

"Like enough! like enough! But I would never have seen harm done to you. Ned and me determined on that before the woman put in for you."

"Why did you take such an interest in me?" demanded Roy, curiously.

"Because I knew your father—didn't I tell you?"

"Yes; but you could also tell me who killed my father!"

Hartnett shook his head doggedly.

"No, I couldn't!" And then he added, with sudden interest, "You had a long talk with Mrs. Bellingham; did you ask her anything about the matter?"

"Yes."

"What?"

Roy told him the substance of the information imparted to him by Zelia Bellingham.

"Is that all she told you."

"All."

"She don't appear to know much about the business, anyway," rejoined Hartnett. "I guess she was innocent in the matter."

"Do you think so?" cried Roy, eagerly.

It was a relief to his mind to believe that Zelia, although she did marry Onslow, had no hand in his father's death.

"Well, it looks like it."

"But Onslow knew of this attack upon my father's life?"

"Yes, yes, he did; and he come very near getting killed himself."

"Then the wound, which left that scar upon his face, was received that night?"

"It was."

"Who fired the bullet?"

"That man—the one who saved you; what do you call him?"

"Belcher Wilder?"

"That's it."

"Ha!" cried Roy, thoughtfully. "This mystery of the past grows plainer to me. There is only one thing perplexes my mind."

"What's that?"

"I cannot reconcile Mrs. Bellingham's innocence with Onslow's guilt. Could she have disliked my father?"

These last words he added, reflectively.

"Well, I should say not, judging by the fondness she shows for that father's son."

Hartnett laughed at this.

Roy's brow contracted, and he threw back his head with the old gesture, but in an impatient manner.

"Her fondness for me degenerates into folly," he answered. "It appears to me a strange infatuation—almost an hallucination of the brain. She forgets the difference in our years. No matter," he added, checking himself suddenly, for he was very reticent of family matters generally. "I must remember her position in the family, and overlook her eccentricity."

They came to the end of the chaparral here, and the prairie stretched out vaguely before their vision in the starlight.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Hartnett. "Yonder lies your way, and Ned and me will turn back."

They paused upon the edge of the chaparral, and Roy gave his hand to Hartnett.

"I am sorry you will not go with us," he said; "but I thank you for the kindness you have shown to us."

Roy felt a strange quiver in the horny fingers he held within his own.

"Hark ye, youngster," cried Hartnett, and the tone of his voice was quite husky; "I told you a while ago, before I knew the woman would fix a ransom with the captain to let you go, that harm shouldn't come to you—do you remember?"

"Certainly," replied Roy, surprised by this question.

"And I meant what I said, every word of it," continued Hartnett, impressively. "Ned and me would have stood by you to the death! They would have had to cut us—and some more of us, and it would have been a tough job—into mincemeat before they could have raised a finger against you! Isn't that so, Ned?"

"I'll take my 'davy of it'" responded Ned Graghty, promptly.

"Now, youngster, it's an old saying, and I think it's a pretty good one. 'Let bygones be bygones,'" continued Hartnett, in the same impressive manner. "Your father's dead. He was a good man, and a gentleman and a scholar, but he's dead—and when a man's dead, that's the end of him, generally speaking; he isn't of much account afterward, no matter what he might have been when he was alive."

Hartnett paused to take breath, and Roy remained silent, thinking there was considerable truth in the old ruffian's philosophy, but marveling somewhat to hear such words issue from his lips.

"Crying over a dead man isn't of any more use than crying over spilt milk, as the saying goes," resumed Hartnett, in the same strain. "Though you wouldn't think so, to see the way folks go on at a funeral. Perhaps, though, if they thought their tears would bring their departed defunct back to life, some of them wouldn't cry so much."

He chuckled grimly to himself here, and Toss Meade exclaimed;

"You're a case!"

"You bet I am!" responded Hartnett, just as if a compliment had been paid to him. Then he addressed himself to Roy again. "You see, young Bellingham, a fellow like me gets mixed up in all sorts of bad jobs, but the worst one I was ever in was the night your father was killed, and have been sorry for it ever since."

"Your employer on that occasion was my uncle, Onslow Bellingham?" cried Roy, quickly.

"Yes, he was."

"And he hired you to murder my father?"

"Me and some others—Ned was there, and he and I are the only two left alive. Now, youngster, if you'd say you'd forgive me for the share I had in that night's work I'd feel easier in my mind."

This was a strange request, and Roy pondered for a moment over it.

"You were but the tool of an unnatural uncle, and I do not see why I should hold you responsible," he said, at length. "The crime was his, and Heaven laid its hand heavily upon him in the way of punishment. His death was a fearful one. I have seen death in many shapes since then, but none so terrible as his. He died without a hope of mercy in this world or the next."

"I guess he knows the taste of brimstone by this time!" exclaimed Ned Graghty.

"I'm thinking you will get a taste of that yourself when you shuffle off," remarked Toss Meade.

Not at all offended, Graghty grinned, and carelessly rejoined:

"Maybap I may; but I'll never be lonesome for lack of company!"

"A truce to this," said Roy; "the subject is too serious to point a jest. After what you have told me, Hartnett—that is your name?"

"Yes, Tom Hartnett. It was a name pretty well known in the Rogues' Calendar in Boston years ago."

"Then I freely say to you for whatever share you had in my father's death I forgive you, and may Heaven forgive you, too!"

"That's more than I can hope for," answered Hartnett, deeply moved; "but I'm thankful for your forgiveness, youngster. I would have done you a good turn in this difficulty, if you had not got out of it without my assistance; but I may be able to help you some other time. There's never any telling what will happen in war-times."

"You can render me service now," responded Roy.

"What? Just let me know what it is and you can count on having it done," cried Hartnett, quickly.

"This lady, my stepmother, Mrs. Bellingham, remains as a kind of hostage in Romano Falcon's custody. Will you promise me to watch over her safety and see that no harm comes to her?"

"I will."

"And send a trusty escort with her, some of your comrades on whom you can depend, to Point Isabel?"

"Ned and me will guide her there ourselves. Depend upon us, and don't worry about her. All Falcon wants is money—she's safe enough."

"So I think. Yonder is Point Isabel, is it not?"

"Yes, straight on."

"Farewell!"

"Luck go with you!"

They parted, the rangers striking into the prairie and the bandits returning by the chaparral path.

"Well, he's the queerest old cuss I ever met with!" cried Toss Meade, as they jogged along. He gave you some good points, though. You know now how your father was killed, and who did it."

"Yes; the mystery of the past is now made clear."

CHAPTER IX.

DAGGER AND SWORD.

A TRAPPED panther was never in a more furious mood than Zelia Bellingham when Romano Falcon pointed exultingly to the clock and exclaimed:

"In ten minutes the priest will be here!"

Her assault upon Roy's heart had failed. She had poured forth the secret of her heart to him, and his had not responded, as she had so fondly hoped it would.

This love for Roy was the one absorbing passion of her life. It he would but say to her, "I love you!" in that brief moment she would have been so supremely happy that she would have been content to lie down at his feet and die, so that those loving accents sounded in her ears, and the lovelight from his eyes should shine upon her fading vision.

This was more than infatuation—it was madness. Her brain had revolved around this central idea for five years, and there it was fixed. Her very existence was centred in that thought.

Following it, as the lost traveler follows the *ignus fatuus* through the mazes of the night, she had left her luxurious home to encounter perils and privations in search of her heart's idol.

Chance had strangely betriended her. She had made the acquaintance of that singular ascetic, that strange compound of priest and patriot, Padre Jacinta, and the monk, forgetful of the legends of St. Dunstan, had not been proof against the witching beauty of her face.

His friendship had enabled her to travel unmolested until she reached Romano Falcon's camp, in the chaparral, on her way to Point Isabel.

Here again had chance betriended her, for she had found Roy, had saved his life, as she thought, and bound him to her by an eternal debt of gratitude.

Swayed by this thought, she had ventured all her hopes upon a single cast, a desperate gamester's will, and she had lost. He had received her passionate words unmovedly, he had coldly put back the arms that sought to clasp him to that wildly-beating heart.

But this repulse had more enraged than dismayed her. She would not give him up. A scorned woman is said to exceed in malignity the furies of Satan's realm.

Zelia's rage did not select Roy as its object, contrary to all precedents in such cases.

She could never feel one throb of anger toward him, whatever provocation he gave her. In her heart there was for him only this one feeling of boundless, illimitable love.

"I never will give him up—I will have him!" she told herself. "I will kill any woman who aspires to be my rival."

Her hand pressed viciously upon the hilt of the concealed dagger in her breast.

In this tempestuous mood Romano Falcon found her. She had come to hold her to the promise he had exacted (or thought he had) from her as the ransom for the release of Roy and his friend, Toss Meade.

She turned a disdainful eye upon the bandit chief, and saw the gloating look of expectancy in his little bead-like eyes, and a quiver of disgust convulsed her frame.

What was such a wretch as this compared to Roy Bellingham!

Hyperion to a Satyr!"

The words of the immortal bard dashed through her brain in strong application.

"Have you a priest among your cutthroats?" she inquired, scornfully.

"Not in my band, señora," he replied; and added, deprecatingly, "I hope you will not designate the brave soldiers I command as cutthroats. There is a Mission House near by, and I have sent six of my followers thither to conduct the holy man who presides there hither."

"And you think he will come?"

"He must, for my men will not take any denial. They will bring him by force if he should decline my invitation; but I scarcely think he will do so, as he knows me," he added, with a significant smile.

Zelia saw that the bandit was in earnest, and her fair brow corrugated, and a threatening light began to gleam from her lustrous blue eyes; but these signs of a coming storm of passion only made her appear more entrancing to the enamored eyes of the bandit chief.

"She has a temper, but I'll tame her," he told himself, confidently.

Many men have thought the same as Romano Falcon—but, let me not anticipate.

"How long will it take the rangers to reach the prairie beyond the chaparral?" inquired Zelia, abruptly.

"They are on the prairie by this time, and Tomaso and Edwardo are returning," he answered.

"Why do you ask, señora?"

She made him a mocking courtesy.

"For information, Señor Capitano," she responded. "They are out of your power."

She smiled derisively; but he met the smile with another, showing his white teeth beneath his black mustache in a disagreeable manner, and responded, significantly:

"But you are not!"

She trembled again, and his white teeth glistened unpleasantly again.

"The ransom must be paid."

"When?"

"When the priest comes."

"How eager you are!" she replied, mockingly. "I believe it is customary to allow the lady to appoint the time."

"Oh, yes!" cried Falcon, with an indescribable grimace. "I can easily guess what time you would appoint."

"Can you?"

"Indubitably. This is a Catholic country, and church legends are very familiar to us. I remember one in which a sinner makes a bargain with his Satanic Majesty—*El Diablo*—whereby his life was granted to him until the small end of a wax taper should have burnt out; and the sinner proved more cunning than the devil, for he blew out the fragment of the taper, and put it in his pocket, thus securing a long lease of life."

"You legend is not new to me," responded Zelia, with one of her sweet smiles; "and I am very much afraid that you will find yourself in the same dilemma as his Satanic Majesty, for though I gave you to understand that I would marry you, I did not say when."

Falcon showed his teeth again, but the equanimity of his temper did not appear to be disturbed.

"Oh, your promise, then, was but a trick?" he questioned, suavely.

"I certainly do not intend to fulfill it under such circumstances as you have selected. In my own land I am a lady, and I cannot bestow my hand so unceremoniously, at this late hour, and in the midst of a band of ruffians."

"You forget that I am the chief of these ruffians!"

"Oh, no, I do not; you are the chief ruffian, of course." And again her sweet smile gave point to the sarcasm. "Besides, how do I know that this priest you speak of is really one?"

"What else should he be?"

"He might be one of your band dressed up as a monk for this occasion."

He smiled at this.

"There is no necessity for any such device," he replied. "There is no need for a counterfeit when the real article is available. You will find Padre Gregorio a true priest; and you will also find him entirely subservient to my wishes."

"Do you think he will perform the ceremony against my protest?"

"Most certainly he will. But why should you protest?"

"Because I will not be married in such unseemly haste."

"The man who neglects to grasp his happiness when he sees it before him is a fool!" exclaimed Falcon, sententiously. "You gave your promise, and you must keep it!" he added.

The menace in these last words stung her soul to fury.

"This is neither time nor place," she replied. "Take me to Metamoras—there is a cathedral there—and let a ceremony be performed in a manner befitting my position in life."

"Oh, indeed! Once in Metamoras, you would claim the protection of General Arista, and laugh at me."

"I can laugh at you just as well here!"

"Can you?"

Zelia lost patience.

"Let us end this farce!" she cried. "I offered you a golden ransom for a life that was dear to me, you refused it, and preferred another. I let you fall into the pit that your own folly had dug. Roy is free, and I defy you! Fool, as well as villain! do you think I would mate my destiny with such as you?"

Romano Falcon grew livid at these daring words.

"There is no need of a priest here!" he hissed through his set teeth. "I can make you mine without his aid. You have tried to trick me, and now you shall feel my power!"

He sprang suddenly forward, threw his arms around Zelia, pinioning her arms to her side, and lifting her little figure up, carried her from the apartment, along the passage to the smaller chamber, where the conference between them in regard to the ransom had taken place.

Here he replaced her upon her feet, thinking, from her passiveness, that she would submit to his will without further resistance.

"Now, scornful beauty, you will see who is master here!" he said, exultantly.

Taken by surprise by this unexpected movement, Zelia had offered no resistance, but her plan of action was formed as she was transported from one room to the other in this unceremonious fashion, and no sooner was she replaced upon her feet, and her arms set free, than her right hand plucked forth the dagger from beneath her vest. Quickly she unsheathed it, and struck with all her strength at Romano Falcon's breast.

The bandit saw the gleam of the dagger, but too late to avoid the blow. It was buried to the hilt in his breast, and he staggered back beneath the force of the blow, and the dagger-hilt was wrenched from Zelia's hand, and remained protruding from the mass of golden embroidery on the breast of the handsome regimental coat he wore.

He reeled against the wall, which alone prevented him from falling, and his features expressed the most unbounded amazement, mingled with some fear.

"Oh, you she-devil!" he gasped.

"Call in your priest now and let him shrive you!" exclaimed Zelia, vindictively.

Her beauteous face showed no compunction for the deed.

He grinned in a diabolical manner, instead of falling dead, as she more than half expected.

"I do not think I shall require the services of the priest in that way just yet," he answered.

Then, to her surprise and dismay, he drew the dagger from his breast, and held it up so that she could see that its bright blade was unstained.

Not one drop of blood discolored its shining length.

"I have not killed him!" she cried, disappointedly.

His face wore a demoniac expression of triumph now.

"No, I am not even scratched!" he replied.

"Foolish woman, your resistance will cost you dear. You shall rue the hour in which you sought to make a fool of me!"

Zelia shrank back in dismay.

She knew she could expect no mercy now. Her brain was bewildered by his miraculous escape—as it seemed to her—from the murderous blow she had given him.

She could not comprehend it, and yet the mystery was a very simple one.

The regimental coat that Falcon wore was heavily padded in the breast, giving him the appearance of being much broader across the chest than he was in reality.

The blow that Zelia had given had sloped downward. It had been aimed at Falcon's heart, but the keen point of the dagger had only penetrated the padding of the coat, not going within an inch of the skin.

The blade had fastened in this chick padding, or wadding, and had been torn from Zelia's hand as the bandit reeled backward from the force of the blow—a blow given with the deadliest intention.

Zelia intended to kill him, and trust to her sex to save her from the vengeance of his band. Indeed, she had no other resource. She must kill him or yield, and she did not hesitate in her choice.

This wayward woman's soul was full of bitterness on this eventful night in her life's career, and she was nerved for any act of desperation.

As she had told Roy, she was resolved to live worthy of him or die, and though death had not the power to make her heart quail at the thought of his approach, she still clung to life, for life and Roy were now synonymous.

She shrank back, as I have said, as the bandit advanced toward her, his dark, swarthy face, and glittering, bead-like eyes, proclaiming his intentions unmistakably.

Well might a feeling of dismay take possession of her soul.

In his hand he held the only weapon she had possessed. She was like a venomous reptile deprived of its sting; and yet no thought of yielding was in her mind.

Slowly she retreated to the wall, extending her shapely hands toward him to keep him back. The diamonds in the two rings she wore, one on either hand, shot out scintillating rays in the lamplight.

Slowly he followed her, holding the dagger in his right hand, and gloating, with demoniac joy, over her position.

It was a rare triumph to him, for his nature could not forgive her the attempt upon his life.

"Oh, I will be a revenge!" he cried, as he backed her step by step against the wall.

Her eyes gleamed like those of a hunted animal at bay; not a vestige of color was left in her face; it had grown as pallid as the hue of death; and her hair having fallen from her head in the struggle, her long golden hair, released from its fastening, floated around her neck and shoulders like a glory.

The bandit's eyes luxuriated upon her beauty as he advanced toward her.

"*Santa Maria!*" he exclaimed; "never was painted angel more beautiful than you are! And you are to be mine! Look! I hold the dagger with which you struck at my life. Be wise, or I shall turn its keen point upon yourself!"

He brandished the dagger in a threatening manner; but this was done for the purpose of intimidation, for he had no thought of killing her. She partly divined his purpose, but she knew that the time would come when his patience would become exhausted, and, knowing that she would not submit, he would strike her remorselessly.

And that time could not be far distant, for she had reached the wall, and could go no further. He laughed triumphantly.

She shrank to the wall, and as she did so her head encountered an object that was hanging from the wall.

A thrill of hope went through her frame. This object was a Toledo rapier, hanging from a nail above her head.

"Oh, spare me!" she cried, extending her hands imploringly to him.

He paused, feeling that his hour of triumph had come.

"Do you yield?" he asked.

"I—one moment—now, villain!"

The hands went up with lightning-like rapidity, and in a moment the stout Toledo rapier was snatched from where it hung, unsheathed, and grasped in her right hand.

He started back, parried a fierce thrust that she made at him with the dagger, losing it from his grasp, and then turned and fled precipitately from the room, fairly put to flight by this desperate woman.

"He is a miserable cur, as I thought he was!" she cried. "Thanks to Roy, I know how to use this good weapon. But I am not safe yet. He will summon his band to aid him. Oh, if I could but escape into the chaparral! I will fight to the last—appeal to his men against him—there are those two who are friendly to Roy. Oh, let me get into the open air!"

She hurried through the passage to the large apartment, but as she reached it, Falcon and his band thronged hurriedly into the house.

Zelia retreated to one corner, and, placing her back against the wall, and holding the sword extended before her, stood at bay.

(To be continued.)

"Roy the Ranger" was commenced in No. 461.

WILD ROSE AND VIOLET;

Or,

Fun at Mrs. Hawk's.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

JANET SLY, with all her good qualities, had also her weak points.

The weakest of these was police constable 96 X.

As soon as her mistress was fairly off the dispatched a note to the worthy official, inviting him to a friendly cup of tea at four o'clock.

Accordingly, at that hour, 96 X being off duty, was waiting punctually under the wall at the side-gate—the very gate by which our young prisoners and their two trunks had emerged, and where their footsteps were still visible.

But the unsuspecting Janet observed nothing of this; her eyes were fixed upon her policeman, not upon the ground.

The tea passed off triumphantly, and was a grand success, 96 X delighting his hostess by informing her, at the termination of his tenth cup, that he "felt as big as two."

Janet, having finished her tea, remembered that her prisoners would require theirs.

She accordingly filled the pot which she had been previously using with hot water, and adding a few cresses and shrimps to the usual plate of bread-and-butter, proceeded up-stairs to the apartment where she expected to find her charges.

The key turned in the lock, the door opened, and Janet entered, tray in hand.

But where were the prisoners? Nowhere to be seen. Gone!

The horrified housemaid uttered a wail of dismay and dropped the tray with a crash.

Her conscience smote her. Was it possible the prisoners had effected their escape whilst she was engaging the society of 96 X?

She flew to the cupboards and looked eagerly inside. No one was hiding there. They were empty.

She rushed down the stairs, bursting into the kitchen with the appalling announcement, "The young ladies is gone, both of 'em!" and then running up again, followed by 96 X, the cook, and Peter Pippins.

A scrutinizing search was made by the quartet, through every room in the house, but without effect; and they proceeded once more to the chamber occupied by Rose and Violet.

That the prisoners had escaped was now beyond a doubt, though how was most mysterious.

The window was closed, and the keys, Janet was quite positive, had never left her pocket.

Pet, too, was profoundly mystified.

"'Owever th' young ladies could a-manidged to get out in the way they 'ad beat 'um 'oller!" he said.

But gone they were, to Janet's inexpressible dismay, and nothing remained for her to do but to communicate the intelligence to her mistress.

Having done this, and dispatched the letter to the post by the page, she went off into a fit of hysterics.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Penelope Hawk and her daughters were quietly at breakfast on the morning after their arrival at Brighton when the letters were brought in.

A glance of triumph flashed over her countenance as she recognized Rose Royston's handwriting.

"Ah!" she ejaculated, "I was sure my plan would succeed, as this penitential letter will doubtless prove. Priscilla, my love, pour out the tea while I peruse it."

Having adjusted her spectacles, Mrs. Hawk opened the envelope.

Suddenly she uttered a startled exclamation, and fell back aghast in her chair, dropping the note, which fluttered away on to the carpet.

"Good gracious, mamma! what is the matter?" asked her daughters.

"The matter!" echoed Mrs. Penelope, in a tone of horror; "you would not believe it, my dears—no one would believe it! I have just received a coolly insolent announcement of half a dozen lines from those audacious rebels I left under the care of Janet Sly, to the effect that they have escaped."

"Is it possible, mamma?" exclaimed the Misses Hawk.

"There is the note," returned their excited relative; "read for yourselves."

The fillies eagerly perused the obnoxious epistle, and warmly sympathized with their perturbed parent.

"What is to be done, mamma?" they asked.

"Done!" echoed the preceptress, irritably; "why, I shall be put to the trouble and expenses of an immediate journey to London. "That is," she added, with a sudden idea, "unless it is a hoax. Now I reflect upon it, it must be. At all events, I'll write to Janet and inquire."

The letter was dispatched, but by the midday post came the housemaid's scrawl, confirming the intelligence.

"It is too true!" cried Mrs. Hawk, "and I must go to town by the next train."

And to town she went; and a violent ringing at the bell of the Meditation House gate announced to the horror-stricken Janet that her mistress had returned.

From her parasite Mrs. Hawk could get no definite information as to "how" the prisoners had escaped. That was an unfathomable mystery.

The next question was:

"When—where have they gone?"

By eleven o'clock on the following morning a brougham drew up at the gate of River Bank Villa, Richmond, where Constance Grey resided, and the portly form of the preceptress descended from the vehicle.

The excited lady burst in upon Mr. and Mrs. Grey with a peremptory demand for the instant delivery into her custody of her runaway pupils.

That lady and gentleman, however, knowing nothing of what had occurred, imagined the principal to be laboring under an attack of insanity. But the circumstances having been explained, they could only assure her that the young ladies she sought were not in their house, and Mrs. Hawk was compelled to depart as wise as she came.

No sooner was she gone than Constance hurried off to Ealing.

There she found her friends, Milly, Rose, and Violet, in a state of the most blissful serenity, seated under a mulberry-tree on the lawn, accompanied by Theodore and Harry, who were luxuriously puffing at their cigarettes.

"News, dears! news!" she cried, as she advanced hastily.

"Good or bad?" asked Milly.

"Neither the one nor the other," returned Constance; "only the ancient Hawk has come back all in a flurry from Brighton to seize upon our friends and carry them back by main force to their dungeon."

"What!" ejaculated Milly and the young gentlemen; "carry them back?"

"Such is her intention if she can find them," said Constance.

"Ah! it' she can!"

"Yes, I'm glad there's that valuable little word in the way," returned Constance; "but she has been to our place this morning—burst in upon papa and mamma like an avalanche, and demanded—only fancy—the instant delivery into her safe custody of Rose—no—I mean Becky and Vic."

The sports of the owners of these fictitious names sank within them.

But Theodore and Harry reassured them.

"Fear nothing," whispered the former to Violet, soothingly; "you are as safe here from the talons of the Hawk as though you were on the rock of St. Helena."

"I'm resolved not to go back to that horrible prison until the end of the holidays!" exclaimed Rose, determinedly; "I wouldn't for fifty Hawks."

"I should think not," said Constance, "but it struck me that, not finding you at my house, the ferocious dame might take it into her head to come here. I therefore thought I would put you on your guard, that you might be prepared."

"You're very kind, dear," exclaimed Rose and Violet, gratefully.

"After she has made her inquiries of Mrs. Westlake, you will be free from further molestation," remarked Constance, consolingly.

"I wish Mrs. Hawk joy of all the information she'll get from mamma," laughed Milly; "she doesn't like being cross-questioned, I can tell you."

"Wouldn't it be a good plan, since it seems probable that our schoolmistress may pay a visit here in search of us, if we were to go for a walk?" suggested Violet, who felt terribly apprehensive lest she should be pounced upon and carried off in spite of every effort to preserve her.

"I don't think it a bad idea at all," Milly replied; "suppose we act upon it? You'll stay, Con, and accompany us, won't you?"

"Of course I will," she answered, readily; "we must marshal our forces in case of a surprise from the enemy."

"Come on, then!" cried Milly; "let us equip ourselves for without loss of time."

The whole party rose and were proceeding across the lawn toward the house, to make the necessary preparations, when, as they drew near the door, the sound of a vehicle stopping at the gate, followed by a terrible agitation of the bell, caused them to pause suddenly.

"What's that?" they inquired, in suspicious undertones.

"Oh," murmured Violet, tremulously; "I'm afraid it is——"

Her voice died away over the unfinished sentence, and she listened timidly and anxiously.

"Sh-h!" whispered Milly; "follow me."

She hastily plunged into the friendly shelter of the thick shrubs that were almost close at hand.

Her companions imitated her example, and in an instant the lawn was entirely deserted.

"Come on," whispered Milly, as she turned in and out, and dived up and down the labyrinthian glades that required almost the assistance of a silken clue to guide a stranger.

After journeying in this manner by a circuitous course for a short time, they reached a spot from which, through a break in the bushes, they could see the front gate distinctly.

A thrill passed through the breasts of Rose and Violet as they gazed.

There, sure enough, stood the brougham, and there, by its side, stood the page.

He attracted his attention by waving her handkerchief.

As soon as he caught sight of her she beckoned to him.

Pet nodded comprehensively, and after a hasty glance at the windows, to be sure no prying eyes were fixed on him, he hurried along by the side of the hedge till he reached the nearest possible point to that where Milly and her party were standing.

Rose and Violet waved their hands to the small page, who waved his in return, and smiled cheeringly.

"It's all right!" he exclaimed, in an exulting tone; "keep out o' sight! the old mis' is regular ravin wi' agate."

"Is it known how we got out?" asked Rose, eagerly.

"No; not th' gost of a idear's knowed about it, and never will," returned Pet, with a grin; "it's a reg'lar mystery as 'll live an' die wi' the inventor. Let's get on, Miss Rose, and ye'll may be sure I won't."

"You may depend on us," Rose and Violet assured him.

"So you may on me, honor bright!" protested the page.

The door of the house opened, and Mrs. Hawk, evidently greatly annoyed and disappointed, advanced down the gravel path to the vehicle.

She got in without a word, and exclaimed, in a savage tone, from the window:

"Home!"

Pet slammed the door to, telegraphed joyfully once more to the watchers, whom he could descry from between the bushes, and then mounting by the side of the coachman, the brougham rolled away.

Mrs. Hawk, finding her efforts to discover the retreat of her pupils vain, was forced to write to the relatives of these misguided girls, informing them fully of their conduct; and having done so, returned again to Brighton.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A CLOUD IN THE HORIZON.

ALL apprehension of arrest or imprisonment being done away with, Rose and Violet resigned themselves completely to the enjoyment of the pleasures that surrounded them.

In furtherance of the matrimonial project which Mr. Westlake and Mr. Flint Skinner had formed in their minds, it had been arranged that the daughter of the latter, having concluded a visit she had been paying in the town, should repair to Rose Lodge for a few weeks previous to her returning to the country.

Accordingly, one afternoon a note arrived from Miss Elizabeth Skinner to Mrs. Westlake, informing her that she anticipated the pleasure of joining her family circle on the ensuing day.

Theodore was, of course, informed by his mamma of this arrangement, but he received the intelligence with such decided indifference that it was evident the young lady would have to exert all her powers of fascination to make any impression on him.

His visit to "Skinner's Pride" had been very brief, and during his stay there he had failed to discover in Miss Elizabeth any of those special charms of mind or person that sometimes strike the heart of man at once, and make of that wild, wayward, and fickle thing a willing slave for life.

In the meantime, Violet Leigh, or, as she was known at Rose Lodge, Victoria Luton, with her golden hair, blue eyes and fair young face, had flashed across the path of Theodore Westlake like a bright vision, and held him almost spellbound.

The thoughts and aspirations which should, by rights, have been directed to the wealthy heiress of "Skinner's Pride" were all absorbed in Violet Leigh, her beautiful but portionless orphan cousin.

It was a particularly awkward combination of circumstances, inasmuch as Elizabeth Skinner had had this match and its advantages so dinned into her ears by her parents, that she had learnt to look upon it quite as a settled thing; and, moreover, she had allowed her haughty nature so far to unbend as to acknowledge that she thought Mr. Theodore Westlake a very handsome, gentlemanly young man, whom she felt she might be able to bring herself to like.

This was, doubtless, very kind and condescending on the part of Miss Elizabeth, and so far as Theodore himself was concerned, judging from the passive acquiescence he had yielded when the marriage was first proposed, there was no doubt he would have accepted this questionable kind of enforced affection—and have been tolerably satisfied with a poor counterfeit of a sentiment, the reality of which he would never have experienced had he not seen Violet Leigh.

But in the interim he had seen her; his eyes had been opened and his heart made captive.

Violet was everything to him now, and Elizabeth Skinner nothing.

While Violet shows some slight—very slight—evidences of his intentions, he felt himself somewhat awkwardly situated, and began to think that some slight explanation or apology would be necessary, but nothing more.

Violet, too, who had heard of the expected arrival of the new visitor—that visitor, her own cousin—had felt considerably embarrassed.

There were, however, in her case, certain alleviating circumstances.

The cousins, having never met, were strangers to each other, and Violet having changed her name, there could be no fear of recognition or detection. And so she tried to console herself with this reflection.

Had she entertained the least suspicion that Elizabeth Skinner was coming beneath the same roof that sheltered her as the prospective wife of Theodore Westlake, she would have felt very unhappy.

But the idea had not been publicly mooted either by Mr. or Mrs. Westlake.

When, therefore, in course of time, the young lady arrived from town with an amount of paraphernalia in the shape of baggage that augured much anxiety for external appearance, Theodore made a show of receiving her with all due respect, and, having paid his devoirs as briefly as possible, left her to the care of his mother and sister, to refresh herself with tea in the drawing-room whilst he hurried back to the snug lawn parlor.

Here he had left Violet seated at the piano, and to her he now returned.

She had been playing, and he has turned over her music for her.

"Has Miss Skinner arrived?" she asked, as he entered the room.

"Oh, yes," he replied, with the slightest possible tinge of vexation in his tone. "Pardon me for having left you so abruptly," he added, apologetically, "but you know the etiquette of society is very imperative."

"Is Miss Skinner handsome?" inquired Violet, after a moment, with a little hesitation.

"Well," returned Theodore, in an uncertain tone, "she is fairly so; what one might call good-looking. Some tastes might even consider her handsome, but her beauty is of too proud and cold a character for me. I am no lover of statuesque features that seem chiseled out of marble, and which are as rigid as the stone they sprang from, and—as cold."

Violet seemed relieved at hearing this opinion.

"You know the sort of beauty I admire, Miss Luton," he continued.

"Do I?" returned Violet, innocently.

"Yes, I described it to you elaborately," returned Theodore, almost reproachfully; "don't you remember?"

Violet remembered perfectly well, and she hurriedly turned away her head to hide the blush that overspread her face.

Stammering and blushing, Violet said:

"I must have forgotten what you said, I suppose. Will you tell me again?"

"There is no need," he whispered, softly, in her ear; "look in the mirror and you will see reflected there my beau ideal of all that is beautiful."

"Oh, Mr. Theodore!" exclaimed Violet, smiling and blushing "you flatter!"

"I never flatter you," he replied; "there is no need."

Violet thought it time to continue her music.

Miss Skinner had finished her tea long since, and still Violet played, and still Theodore listened, and neither seemed in the least degree weary.

"I wish you would sing me a song," said Theodore, at length.

Violet sang "The Last Rose of Summer."

Theodore listened, entranced, as the pathos of the words and the beauty of the melody found their way to his heart.

So wrapt was he that he did not observe that a tall and somewhat elegant female form had gradually approached the window from the outside, and stood there listening, too.

"There is some one there!" Violet exclaimed, in a sudden and hasty whisper, motioning with her hand toward the window.

"My sister, probably," said Theodore, as he went toward it.

He started as he reached the threshold, as did also, slightly, the person he encountered.

"Oh, Miss Skinner!"

"Mr. Westlake."

"I—I had no idea it was you," continued Theodore.

"Nor I that it was you," returned Miss Elizabeth. "I was attracted by the music. 'The Last Rose of Summer' is a favorite song of mine, and the lady who sang it just now has a sweet voice."

"Yes—es," replied Theodore, still with some hesitation in his voice; "we—that is—Miss Luton and myself, were having a little music quietly to ourselves."

If Theodore had noticed particularly he could have divined by the expression of Miss Skinner's features that she by no means approved of the *secluded tête-à-tête*.

Theodore felt himself compelled to introduce the young ladies, who were strangers to each other, in the usual manner.

"Miss Victoria Luton; Miss Elizabeth Skinner," he said.

Violet's heart beat with some slight apprehension as she gracefully acknowledged the condescending inclination of Miss Elizabeth.

As Miss Skinner evinced no disposition to depart, she proposed that they should return to the drawing-room.

This proposal being in perfect accordance with the wishes of Miss Elizabeth, who only desired to break up the snug little musical party, she assented at once, and the trio adjourned thither, making their way through the garden.

Saving the presence of Mr. Westlake, who dozed in his chair, the drawing-room was empty.

Milly and her mamma had withdrawn to give certain directions for the preparation of their new guest's chamber, and it was their absence and she drowsiness of the host that had given Miss Skinner the opportunity to escape by the window into the garden, and by her *maid-à-propos* arrival at the lawn parlor to produce the result already described.

Mr. Westlake, senior, awoke from his nap as they entered, and almost immediately after, Mrs. Westlake and Milly entered.

Lights were ordered, and by the time these were placed on the table, the party was increased by the presence of Rose and Harry Targent, with Charles Bayville.

The conversation was general, but altogether somewhat stiff and formal, and each was glad when the hour for retiring arrived.

Theodore and Harry occupied the same chamber.

"What do you think of Miss Skinner?" asked the former of his friend, as they prepared to go to rest.

"I've scarcely had sufficient opportunity for judging at present," returned Harry, "but from what I have seen she seems awfully grand, and severely ladylike."

"She freezes me," exclaimed Theodore, in a tone of disgust; "and is a regular wet blanket to our snug, jovial party. As to marrying her, I'd as soon marry an iceberg."

Such were the opinions of Theodore Westlake and Harry Targent, respecting the heiress of "Skinner's Pride;" nor did they differ greatly from those of our young heroines, Rose and Violet.

Much the same questions were asked and returned by the latter.

"Now you have seen my cousin Elizabeth, what is your opinion of her?" Violet asked, as they undressed for the night.

"I don't like her at all," answered Rose, with characteristic bluntness.

"Well, it strikes me you're committed what in her eyes I fancy is the most unpardonable of all offenses," said Rose, smiling at her friend rather mischievously.

"Why, what have I done?"

"Oh, nothing so very dreadful," returned Rose; "you've only run away with something she particularly wishes for herself, that's all."

"Run away with what?" asked Violet.

"The heart of Mr. Theodore Westlake," Rose replied.

Violet blushed vividly, and ejaculated:

"Oh, Rose, dear!" and then inquired, eagerly: "do you think she luv—that is—likes Mr. Theodore?"

"I think she's a kind of girl that will always like herself better than any one else, but still I'm sure whatever her feelings toward young Mr. Westlake may be, she would never forgive any one else for liking him," Rose said.

"But do you think, Theodore—I mean Mr. Theodore, cares for her?" asked Violet, anxiously.

"Not a bit," laughed Rose, with a perfect confidence; "but"—she altered the tone of her voice altogether as she threw her arms, with loving carelessness round her companion, and added, confidentially: "I know one whom he does care for, though."

"Who is that?"

"Yourself, darling! I believe he's as fond of you as he can possibly be," returned her friend.

"Violet's face became radiant with joy, and she clasped her hands together fervently at this delightful idea, but she gradually died away, and she said, doubtfully:

"He never told me so exactly!"

"Not in words, perhaps, you little simpleton," returned Rose; "but I'm sure he has in deeds."

"Yes—es," admitted Violet, hesitatingly anxious, but scarcely daring to believe fully the assertion of her friend; "I—I think he has."

"I'm certain of it!" exclaimed Rose; "I'm as certain Mr. Theodore Westlake loves you with all his heart as I am that Mr. Humphrey is over head and ears in love with me. Now will you credit me?"

Violet smiled, and whether she believed or not, it seemed to her, as she laid her head on her pillow, a very pleasant thought to go to sleep and dream over.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

ELIZABETH SKINNER, from the very first, had thought Mr. Theodore Westlake a somewhat cool lover, but when she joined the domestic circle at Rose Lodge she at once understood the reason

of his coolness, and whilst she pitied Mr. Theodore's taste she was filled with jealous hatred against her golden-haired rival—as she considered Violet.

Not that there was a spark of real love in Miss Elizabeth's composition.

All was coldly grand and proudly imperious.

Her pride desired the devotion and exclusive attention of a lover, and the same pride would have exacted the most implicit obedience from a husband, and she could not endure even the resemblance of coolness or neglect.

Nor did she lose any time in carrying out her plans, for the very next day, after breakfast, she said to Theodore, in a manner that had the appearance of being entirely unpremeditated:

"What a lovely morning! I should like a walk, if you will escort me, Mr. Theodore?"

"Of course he will!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Westlake; "he'll be delighted."

"Oh, certainly," assented Theodore, with as good a grace as he could assume.

Theodore Westlake felt inwardly furious at being quietly managed in this cool way, but in the presence of his parents he was compelled to swallow his chagrin, and accordingly turned from the room, under the pretense of preparing for his walk.

This was soon accomplished, and Theodore announced himself ready.

"If the pill must be swallowed, the sooner the better," he argued with himself, as he offered his arm to Miss Elizabeth.

"What a nice couple they'll make!" thought Mr. Westlake, senior, as he watched them down the garden path.

Poor Violet was naturally chagrined at seeing her handsome cavalier seized upon by main force and marched off fettered to the side of her cousin.

She wandered off by herself and fell into a reverie—a kind of waking dream—in which past, present and future seemed to mingle in a strange confusion.

How long she remained in this rapt state she knew not, when the sound of hasty footsteps aroused her.

Looking up, she beheld the hero of her young life's first romance.

He had returned from his walk, having endured the infliction like a martyr, and having deposited his burden safely in the house, had hurried to demolish his chagrin in Violet's more congenial society.

Not finding her with the rest, and receiving a pretty shrewd hint from his sister that his presence just then would probably be very acceptable, he hastened at once in search of her.

"I have found you at last, dear Miss Luton," he exclaimed, as he gazed, anxiously, in her sad eyes, in which teardrops still lingered, and which, at the sound of his voice, seemed to flow again. "Milly tells me you are out of spirits this morning, and I can see you have been cry—nay," he added, tenderly, "you are happy now. What is the matter?"

"I—I don't know," sobbed Violet; "it is nothing. I—I shall be better, presently."

"But there must be some cause to make you shed those tears," said Theodore, who felt an almost irresistible temptation to clasp the lithe, delicate form to his heart and kiss away the drops from the sweet Violet's eyes. What is it? Will you not tell me?"

How the anxious girl would have liked to have told her questioner all that was in her heart! But she dare not.

Her lips were sealed as to the real cause of her grief, and she answered:

"I am very foolish. But as Milly says I—I—think I must be low-spirited this morning."

"No wonder, neither," remarked Theodore, "left alone as you have been to-day."

After a moment he said, apologetically:

"I hope you don't think me neglectful for leaving you so long?"

"Oh, no! not at all!" returned Violet, quickly.

Consoled, coaxed and petted by him, Violet forgot all her troubles, and a smile gradually stole over her fair face, like a sunbeam piercing through a cloud.

She felt at that moment as though she could trust herself to the shelter of the protecting arm that encircled her, and, had she dared, have rested her head upon the heart that loved her, and rested there as in a haven of peace and safety.

But this was not to last.

Miss Skinner did not give her prospective husband much respite.

Having removed her walking-costume, she missed Theodore, and divining the cause of his absence, went in search of him with the plausible message that lunch was ready.

She walked with the lightest possible tread, hoping to come upon him unawares. In this she was successful.

The very first glance informed her who was his companion, and her jealous indignation caught fire at once, as she watched him sitting complacently by the side of the obnoxious girl.

Advancing with a smile, she said:

"I have been looking for you, Mr. Theodore."

She glanced at Violet, who had almost entirely recovered her spirits, though her cheeks were still tinged with a hectic flush, and the traces of past tears still lingered round her eyes.

"I have come to tell you lunch is waiting," she added.

"You are very kind to take so much trouble," answered Theodore, coldly; "but I shall forego lunch to-day; I have no appetite."

This was equivalent to saying he intended to stop where he was. At least so Miss Elizabeth interpreted it, and she continued:

"Mrs. Westlake wished me to tell you."

"You had better go, I think, Mr. Theodore," whispered Violet.

This was quite sufficient to change the mind of the young gentleman instantly.

"On second thoughts I will," he said, as he rose from his seat. "Miss Luton, you will accompany me?"

He offered his arm to Violet, who took it, whilst Miss Skinner, without being invited, seized upon his other arm, and together the trio proceeded toward the house, two of the three devoutly wishing that the other one had been out of the way.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHECKMATED.

ON entering the drawing-room where the luncheon was laid, they found the rest of the party already seated.

The quick eyes of Rose and Milly at once detected a change for the better in Violet, and they rejoiced accordingly.

She smiled at her schoolfellows, and there was a bright light in her eyes as she did so, that they with sympathetic perception comprehended at once.

A TALK ABOUT THE INDIANS OF THE PLAINS.—A SETTLER PIERCED WITH ARROWS.

Elizabeth Skinner, with all her manœuvring, could not prevent Theodore sitting next to Violet. All she could do was to act as a counter-check by seating herself on his other side and engrossing as much of his attention as possible.

During lunch Mrs. Westlake said to her:

"I have some shopping to do in town this afternoon, my dear, and I should like you to accompany me, if you have no objection."

Miss Elizabeth, having no ostensible reason for declining this invitation, was compelled to reply that "she should be delighted."

A perfect thrill of pleasure rushed into the breast of four out of the six seated at the table at the prospect of being rid of their uncongenial, not to say disagreeable, guest for one afternoon at least, and she, with jealous alarm observed the quick telegraphic dispatch pass from eye to eye, and as quickly divined its cause.

But she was then utterly disarmed and powerless, and could only revenge herself by malignantly probing the senseless chicken on her plate with her fork, and wishing it had been some one instead endowed with life and feeling.

Her hopes revived when Mrs. Westlake, under the idea of making the drive as pleasant as possible to her visitor, said to her son:

"You will be our *chaperone*, I suppose, Theodore? You have excellent taste in dress."

Theodore, who was secretly exulting in the prospect of Violet's company, felt perfectly furious at this last proposal.

But he was far too sensible and courteous to show his annoyance.

All he did was to dash Miss Elizabeth's hopes to the ground by replying quietly:

"You will excuse me, mother, this afternoon, I know. I am rather tired with my walk, and have an inclination to headache; besides, as you will be accompanied by Miss Skinner, I am sure her taste will be more than an efficient substitute for mine."

Mrs. Westlake, being one of the most easy-tempered, accommodating women in the world, as well as the most indulgent of parents, at once accepted this apology on the part of her son; but Miss Elizabeth was determined to frustrate his intentions at any risk, so she said:

"I should scarcely like to depend upon my own taste entirely, and as I am sure Miss Luton is a connoisseur in fashion, perhaps she will accompany us instead of Mr. Theodore?"

"A very excellent idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Westlake, with much animation; "and if Miss Luton will favor us with her opinion, I shall be delighted to have her with us."

Violet, though greatly chagrined at this invitation, had no alternative but smilingly to accept it.

Miss Skinner having gained her point, as she thought, retired to her dressing-room to prepare in a state of spiteful and unenviable exultation.

Violet also repaired to hers, where she was joined by Rose, to whom she lamented the necessity that took her away.

"I really think Miss Skinner must have fallen in love with Mr. Theodore, and that she is jealous of me," she said, as she was putting on her things.

"There is no doubt of one thing," Rose replied, emphatically, "that whether she is in love with him or not, she takes good care not to leave him long alone with you."

Violet remained silent and thoughtful for a moment, and then said:

"Mr. Theodore has asked me to go for a walk with him this evening. Will it be right for me to go, do you think?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"But we are to go by our two selves—he particularly specified that."

"Did he! All the better, darling," exclaimed Rose. "Go, by all means. I would, if I were you, and do for that spiteful cousin of yours. Cut her out—extinguish her! You'll have no difficulty, for the simple reason that you've done so already."

"Oh, yes! I feel quite sure that Theodore Westlake would rather have my company than that of all the Elizabeth Skinners in the world."

Violet felt a kind of cheery inward presentiment that her friend was declaring a truth and she proceeded with her dressing in much better spirits.

In the meantime Theodore and his sister had been concocting a little plot.

The former was intensely annoyed at the frustration of his plans, and complained loudly to Milly in consequence.

"Isn't it an abominable nuisance?" he grumbled, "that since that Skinner girl came to our place we have never had a moment's peace?"

"Yes, it's a melancholy fact, 'Dore," Milly replied.

"A pretty wife she'd make," continued Theodore, impatiently; "I believe she'd drive me stark staring mad in a month."

"Well, never mind, old fellow," said his sister; "we're all for you and Violet, and that's four to one, you know; so you mustn't be cast down."

"Oh, I'm not," replied Theodore; "and since Violet is drawn into the toils of this shopping business I mean to be one of the party. Miss Skinner shall not have it all her own way."

"That's right," exclaimed Milly; "and now I'll tell you what I've made up my mind to do. As soon as you have all started, Rose, and Mr. Tadpole and myself are going to run over to Richmond and dine with Constance Grey *en famille*. She'll be delighted to see us, I know, and then, on your return after dinner, I want you and Violet to slip away and join us there, and we can all come back together."

"Capital—delightful. You may depend upon our following you," returned Theodore.

When the carriage drew up at the gate in readiness to receive Mrs. Westlake and the young ladies, Theodore, to the surprise of all, and to the especial satisfaction of one of the party, made his appearance, and expressed his intention of joining them.

"Why, my dear boy, I thought you were not coming?" said his mother.

"I have altered my mind, mother, if you can have no objection," was the "dear boy's" reply.

"On the contrary, I am very glad," returned Mrs. Westlake. "I want your opinion. Your headache is better, then?"

"Oh, yes, much."

And after handing the ladies into the carriage, and availing himself of that opportunity to give Violet's fingers a loving squeeze, he followed, and seated himself facing her.

* * * * * * *

In course of time the shopping was over, the purchases completed, and the carriage bore its occupants back to Ealing.

It was there Mrs. Westlake found a note from Milly, informing her mother where she and her schoolfellow had betaken themselves.

Mrs. Westlake was not at all surprised.

The only result was that the dinner and tea-tables missed two of their customary guests.

Violet's expressed intention of joining her friends at Richmond, and Miss Elizabeth Skinner rejoiced as she beheld her rival's departure.

But alas! she was building castles in the air; for shortly after Violet's departure Mr. Theodore Westlake suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

(To be continued.)

"Wild Rose and Violet" was commenced in No. 644.

A TALK ABOUT THE INDIANS OF THE PLAINS.

BY MAJOR SCHUYLER.

[Continued.]

"I WILL show you one of these things I brought with me. Some of these articles I got out of the tents themselves. Not any of them are so-called 'shop articles,' and all the articles of war—viz., battle-ax, tomahawk, scalping-knives, and bow and arrows, were all used in what we now know as the Custer massacre. The majority of the men I met there, with the exception of American Horse, were all engaged in that massacre; and as all these are not new but show use, it is fair to suppose that they had a hand in that dreadful affair.

"I suppose you have often heard of the Indian trails. One Indian will walk along the ground and tell you that a Sioux or an Arapahoe has passed here, and the reason is that these articles called moccasins are just as differently made as regards the sole as possible. [Exhibiting.] Here are a pair of the Sioux moccasins. Here you see a straight line and broad sole—they are all made on the same last, you might say. [Exhibiting.] Here, however, we have a pair of Arapahoe; you see the difference—how much more pointed the toe is than that one, and here these soles are pretty hard deer-skin; but when you get to the Shoshone moccasin you have a different thing entirely. [Exhibiting.] A soft sole, you see, the shape pointed, you see, and an Indian, knowing these peculiarities, can tell you what Indian has passed by.

"Now, every old squaw you will meet—every wife—has attached to her girdle one of these queer little pouches—rattles—ornamented with bead-work; that is what they carry their matches in, which they get from the Indian traders. As I told you before, the women make the fires; they also carry the matches; and when an Indian wants to light a pipe he calls to a woman to get a light—it is too menial for him to carry anything.

"Here is a Sioux pipe—it is a fancy-looking pipe, rather more decorated than they usually are. The bowl is a stone usually found on the Lower Missouri—a red stone, you see. The bowl of the pipe is very small—just about the size of my finger. They inhale three or four whiffs, and then pass it to the next person, and he to the next, and so on. They never smoke, walking about. This projection rests on the ground, and the pipe is passed from one to the next, until it reaches the person who mixes the tobacco. That is a singular mixture. It bites the tongue so terribly that it will bring tears to your eyes.

"This is a very ordinary and common tobacco-pouch which you see attached to the girdle of the younger bucks, or Indians who have, as yet, made no name for themselves. But this, by-the-way, was made for me by that six-pony girl, viz., the niece of American Horse. You see, this long fringe and variegated bit of color makes it a very effective ornament.

"As for bead-work, these saddle-bags are worn over the horses' backs, in the rear of the saddle, and here they open it and put what they have to carry inside. I brought it with me to show how much care and attention the Indian will pay to a part exposed in all sorts of weather. You see how beauti-

A TALK ABOUT THE INDIANS OF THE PLAINS.—INDIAN TROPHIES.

fully it is ornamented. Their love of color is very great and the higher the color the more they seem to like it.

"About the bow and arrow. Here we have the whole thing complete. This is a piece of deer-thong, and it is thrown over the shoulder in that way, also the bow-case, or quiver. I bought this from a Sioux chief, and he said, through the interpreter, he thought his time was come, and, although it came from his father, he thought that, for the price I offered for it, he was willing to let it go. He wouldn't give me all the arrows. There is one of the ordinary arrows used by the Sioux in the chase or war, and when you hear that a man has a certain number of arrows in him, those are what are meant.

"This is a piece of iron, carefully sharpened. The wood is very strong, and, although I do not think I am by any means what may be called a weak man, yet-I have a great deal of difficulty in taking one of those arrows and drawing it to the head—and they are able, with this very bow, to make one of these arrows go right to the head and disappear inside a buffalo; and one of my brother-officers told me of a man being nailed to the ground with an arrow through him. You have no idea of how rapidly they shoot them. They do not wait to take the arrows out of the quiver. They hold a bundle of them in the left hand; and it is as quick as lightning to take one and draw the bow right out and discharge it—almost as quick as a revolver.

"I had one of American Horse's sons go out with me and show me how he did his practice, and I assure you he did it almost as quick as I do with my revolver. They don't wait to put their hand behind the back; they will take five or six and hold them in the left hand. These arrows—blunt-headed arrows—are arrows used only for the purpose of killing birds—they go out to shoot birds with them. A blow from one of these is sufficient to kill any of the smaller birds.

"And now I will show you what they call their battle-ax. You will see it is a very formidable instrument, rudely adorned with brass-headed nails, a bit of red beadwork here, and nails driven in there to keep it in its place. The Indian does not manufacture that steel or iron. They get that from the traders. The majority of it is made in Massachusetts, and sent out to the trader, who sells it to the Indians.

"Here is the tomahawk, rudely and roughly ornamented, but a very effective weapon, and with this, you know, they are able to make a very accurate cast. They will make it revolve three or four times in the air and strike the object with the sharp-ened end. There is a place for the tobacco. There is a hole made through this, which was stopped up some time ago; at any rate, they use it instead of taking a pipe on their war trips.

"And here's the scalping-knife. This is its little case. As you see, this knife is one that was made here; the name is still there, Russell & Company. There is one peculiarity about the Indians in regard to their knives—they are only ground on one side, and you will go into their tepees as I did, and they will have each a sort of rough grindstone, just a square block, and these fellows will be sitting down grinding and sharpening up their knives, and very particularly their tomahawks.

"Here is one of the war-bonnets of the Sioux. I don't know whether you remember some of the pictures of the date of the Custer massacre; if you do, you will remember a picture of these bonnets. Sometimes they have a crest flowing down the back, and on horseback it flows down the pony's side. These are made of the feathers of the bald eagle, and only the feathers of that bird are used.

"With this most terrible weapon—the skull-crusher—the Indian is a formidable antagonist. It will produce instant death if it strikes in the right

DIVING, PAST AND PRESENT.—DIVING APPARATUS.—PUTTING ON THE ARMOR.

place; if it does not, it produces a broken shoulder or wrist, as the case may be. It is a very singular instrument, and I was very fortunate in getting it, as it is rapidly passing out of use. That is a piece of quartz that has been ground down by rubbing against another piece into a six-sided piece. It must have taken an Indian perhaps six months to rub that into its present shape, and it is held in position by a piece of raw green hide taken from the animal, and then sewn upon a piece of flexible wood. When that hide gets dry it contracts, and holds that piece of stone in its position.

"That is all I have to say to you to-night, boys. Some time, perhaps, I may say something to you about my hunting experiences. I thank you very kindly for the very good attention you have given."

Mr. C. L. Brace, of the Children's Aid Society, proposed a vote of thanks to Major Schuyler, which was heartily responded to.

The boys then sang two verses of "Marching Through Georgia," after which they took great interest in examining the articles described by Major Schuyler.

DIVING, PAST AND PRESENT.

[Continued.]

PASSING a while from these cumbrous machines let us turn to another kind of diving, which employs workmen of remarkable dexterity.

We allude to the pearl fisheries on the coast of Ceylon, where the natives use no apparatus to aid them in their search under water.

The principal of the Ceylon fisheries is in the Bay of Condatchy, and the banks on which the pearl oysters lie are at least twenty miles from land.

Every year these banks are surveyed and put up to auction.

The fishing season commences about the middle of February, and ends at the beginning of April, thus allowing the purchaser six weeks during which to conduct his operations, although, if the weather happens to be very rough, the period may be extended for a few days.

The men employed as divers are the blackest of the various black races inhabiting Ceylon, but they have a wonderful power of endurance under water.

Before they commence the season all these divers congregate at the town of Aripo, where the boats meet, and hire themselves to the various owners.

The boats all leave harbor and return at the same time.

Some time before midnight a signal gun is fired at Aripo, upon which the boats weigh their anchors and sail out to the banks, where at sunrise they commence fishing, continuing their labors till about noon, when the sea-breeze arising renders the water too rough for the divers, and warns the boats that it is time to return to harbor.

Each boat contains twenty men as a rule, ten of whom are divers, the other ten being the ordinary working crew.

The divers go down five at a time, so that by this method of alternate diving each has time to recruit a little before taking another plunge. For it is hard work to continue diving for such a long time, and although they rub their bodies with oil, and plug their noses and ears with wax or grease, they frequently become very exhausted.

Some have in their mouths sponges which have been soaked in oil, and this is said to enable them to retain breath a much longer period than others who do not take such precautions.

When he is ready to plunge, the diver, with his right foot,* takes hold of a rope to which a stone has been fastened, with his left foot he seizes a bag of network; with his right hand he grasps another rope, and closing his nostrils with the fingers of his left, he makes the plunge, the heavy stone accelerating his descent.

On arriving at the bottom he slings the net-bag about his neck, and gathers into it as many oysters as he can cram during the time he remains below, which is usually about two minutes, though some have been known to stay down six.

When unable to remain below any longer, the diver makes a signal with the rope in his right hand and is drawn up, the stone he took down being afterward pulled up by the rope attached to it.

In addition to the injurious effect diving has upon these men, they are exposed to another and very great danger from the sharks and other submarine monsters that infest the tropical seas.

The species of shark called the ground shark is the chief and most dreaded enemy of the divers, who seek supernatural protection in the shape of charms and conjurations, which, in the language of that country, are called Pillai Karras, or Shark Binders, and which are supposed to have certain powers over these terrible fishes.

Some of the shark conjurers are enthusiastic enough in their calling to go out into the boats with the divers, who are delighted to have their company, and pay large sums for it. The conjurers used also to have a government allowance, as without their incantations it was impossible to get the divers to begin work.

After all, it frequently happens that the men employed on the fishery meet with accidents, in spite of the conjurers and their enchantments. An author who has given a lengthy description of these pearl-fisheries tells how, on one occasion, a diver who had actually paid extra fees to the conjurer, had his leg taken off by a ground-shark, when, of course, a meeting of the divers was held, and the magician was called upon to account for the misfortune.

The magician very gravely told his listeners that there had just come from a place called Colang, on the Malabar coast, an old witch who owed him (the conjurer) a grudge, and to repay it she had effected a counter-conjuration, which, for a time, rendered his spells perfectly useless.

The meeting rather fancied that if the conjurer was so easily defeated by an old woman he was not of much use, and they hinted as much to him. But, by way of excuse, the magician informed them that he had only heard of the arrival of the witch when it was too late to prevent the mischief, but he would now show his own power and superiority by binding the mouths of the sharks so closely that they would be unable to do any more damage during the remainder of the season.

The fellow then repeated his spells and exorcisms, and events were so far favorable to his pretensions that no more accidents from sharks occurred during that year's fishery.

But whether this was owing to the conjurer's skill or to pure accident I leave the reader to judge; but it was the making of the conjurer's fortune, for from that time forth he was held in the greatest esteem by the divers on all parts of that coast, and large fees were paid by the poor blacks to obtain his services, or even to obtain his good will.

The sponge-fisheries on the Mediterranean coast used to be conducted with the same kind of tactics, and long practice enabled some of the men to remain an almost incredible time under water.

In connection with the system of diving without the aid of any apparatus, and by the unassisted powers of the body, we may here refer to the fact that the lungs in their natural state are (on the authority of eminent medical men) charged with a large quantity of impure air, being a portion of the carbonic acid gas which is formed during respiration.

By breathing hard for a time as a person does

* It is a peculiarity with many Eastern nations that they can use their toes almost as well as their fingers.

TALKS WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—AUSTRALIA.—VIEW OF BOURKE STREET, A COMMERCIAL CENTRE OF THE CITY OF MELBOURNE.—SEE PAGE 190.

when walking fast, or undergoing any violent exercise, this impure air is expelled from the lungs, and its place is filled with pure atmospheric air, by which a person will be enabled to hold his breath much longer than without such precaution.

[To be continued.]

FROM MY ARMCHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CYPRESRIDGE WHO PRESENTED TO ME, ON MY SEVENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1879, THIS CHAIR, MADE FROM THE WOOD OF THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S CHESTNUT-TREE.

AM I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading chestnut-tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the Summer-time
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of Autumn, with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped to a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the Past.

The Danish King could not in all his pride
Repel the ocean tide,
But seated in this chair I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than threescore years and ten,
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes into which are wrought,
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
February 27th, 1879. —*Cambridge Tribune.*

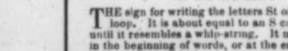
EASY LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY, OR SHORT-HAND.

BY ANN STR LOOP.

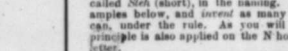
THE sign for writing the letters St or Str is a small loop. It is about equal to an S circle, flattened until it resembles a whip-string. It may be written in the beginning of words, or at the end.

You have had the is, ses signs—that is, the single and double S; the principle of the St loop is called *Steh* (short), in the naming. Copy the examples below, and invent as many more as you can, under the rule. As you will observe, the principle is also applied on the *N* hook side of the letter.

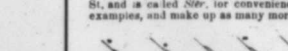
Str, final, is written with a large loop—that is, with a loop large enough to distinguish it from the St, and is called *Stir*, for convenience. Copy the examples, and make up as many more as you can.



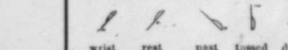
pieced paced par-ed paused post posts



wrist rest past tossed dust loosed



pester boaster Chester duster Hester coaster

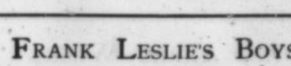


faster muster master Foster Lester punster.

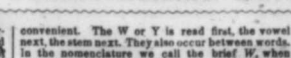
You see that the plural is made by adding the las where the loop leaves off, on the opposite side of the straight letter, as in posts. In flat letters the loop is turned on the top; nst and nstr would be turned underneath, which answers to the left hand side of straight up letters.

In like manner write teased, test, toast, dosed, attest, chest, raised, roast, roost, pest, beast, based, best, haste, host, kissed, cast, coast, August, guest or guessed, ghost, gust, gusts, least, laced, effaced, fast, first, vest, vast, mist, massed or mast, most, must, assist (Es-Steh), ceased, least, lest, last, lost, laced, arrest (Ar-Steh), honest (En-Steh), west, waste, poster, pastor, toaster, jester, juster, rooster, castor, blaster, lester, vaster, lustre, Nestor, wastry.

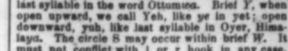
W and Y may be made much briefer, and, consequently, more rapidly, with what is called brief Way and Yay, and can be used in many cases where the usual long forms would be awkward, or impossible. Brief W and Y may be used as initials, or at an angle with following letter, and is equal to one of the six double vowel sounds, we, wa, wah, etc. Y must accommodate itself to the long letter by making an angle, upward or downward, as most convenient. The W or Y is read first, the vowel next, the stem next. They also occur between words. In the nomenclature we call the brief *W*, when open to the right, *Weh*, like wet, only without the t; when open to the left, it is called Wuh, like the last syllable in the word Ottumwa. Brief *Y*, when open upward, we call Yeh, like ye in yet; open downward, yuh, like last syllable in Oyer, Himalaya. The circle S may occur within brief *W*. It must not conflict with l or r hook in any case. Brief *Y* is not much used.



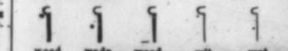
weed wade wood wit wet



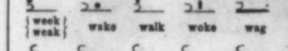
{week / weak} wake walk woke wag



weave {wave / waive} wove woof wife



wish wash wing sweet switch



Yale yell yellow Urish young

In many cases it is impossible to use these signs for *w* and *y*. In all such instances write the consonant outlines first, the double sounds separately, in position. For example, quick, dwell, lawyer, odium. All our examples and your copies are supposed to be written on the line. Thoroughly memorize the proper positions for the vowels, by practice on them.

BRIEF H.

Many words, if written with the usual long Hay hooked stroke, would be rather lengthy for Shorthand. To meet the requirements of speed and grace, H is written, also, by a small dot before the vowel that follows.

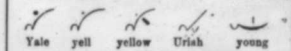
Two or three other ways for aspirating—that is, writing the sound of H—are prescribed by the books, but this may be made to answer for all the purposes of simplicity and use.

The full stroke sign for H, as well as the heavy sign for Y, is written when it is the only consonant; when it is preceded by a vowel, and followed or not by another consonant, and another vowel before or after the second consonant.

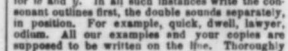
Advanced writers may safely omit the h dot. But learners, who desire to read, and be read, should use it.

The stroke is made first, then the vowel, then the h dot. The h dot cannot be mistaken for another vowel, for two vowels cannot occur together that way.

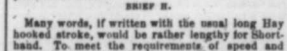
Copy the following examples several times:



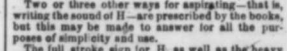
happen hoot head had hitch hedge



Log Higgins home {him / hymn} hem ham



hung hail hall hear half hush



whip whale whine he high Horace

The above examples are made larger than they ought to be, in fact, for the sake of clearness.

In like manner write: Whoop, heap, hip, hop, hoop, Hebe, hobby, hub, heed, hate, heat, Hades, hood, hatch, Hager (Ger with the a sound and h dot), Hoge, hag, hug, hun, hone, hen, handy, hath, hang, heel or heal, hole, hell, hair (Ar and second place *a* and h dot), heave, heaven (Ven, i.e., Vee with en-hook, short *e* and h dot), wheel, wheat, while, whence (w initial hook-En last on Ess, short we, second position, and h dot), hay, haw, hoe, hue, how, Harry, ahead.

[To be continued.]

ADVICE TO BOYS.

WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys;
Though clever at roses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys;
'Tis better than money and rank, boys.
Still cleave to the right;
Be lovers of light;
Be open, aboveboard, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys:
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys.
The man gentle in mien,
Words and temper, I ween
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But whatever you are, be true, boys;
Be visible through and through, boys.
Leave to others the shamming.
The "greening" and "cramming;"
In fun and in earnest be true, boys.

RARE AMERICAN COINS.

AS the resumption of specie payment has been accomplished, the numismatists of the country are on the lookout for the production of many old and rare coins of the coinage of the United States that have been stored away by their owners. Numismatists generally think that there is an immense amount of old coins in stockings or hidden in chimneys, which will now be brought to light and put on sale.

The coins of the United States have no historical interest, but nevertheless they are highly appreciated by American collectors.

In certain years, coins of the United States of certain denominations were coined only in very limited number, and the supply is not sufficient to meet the demand of collectors, and such pieces bring high prices, especially if in beautiful preservation. The early coins of the colonies—New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, etc.—are abundant, and poor specimens (with the exception of rare varieties) may be had at ten cents. The Lord Baltimore shilling is extremely rare, and brings a fabulous price. The Franklin cent of 1787 and similar pieces are quite common. So are specimens of the old colonial and continental paper money, which sell as low as three cents.

Of the United States silver dollars, the dollar of 1794 is worth $50; of 1804, $750; 1836, $5; 1838, $20; 1839, $20; 1851, $40; 1852, $40; 1854, $5; 1855, $5; 1858, $50. All other dates bring only $1.25 to $5. Half-dollars of 1796 and 1797 are very rare and are worth $25 to $75, according to condition.

Quarters the 1796 and 1804 are highly valued in fine preservation. The 1823 is very rare and worth $50. The dimes of 1800 and 1804 realize easily $5, and the half-dime of 1802 is considered a bargain at $100. Copper cents of 1793 may be had as low as 25 cents, but in sharp, uncirculated condition bring $50 and more. A Philadelphian has now a specimen as fine as the day it was struck, which is valued at $100. Cents of 1794, 1795, 1796 and 1797 are common, but those of 1799 are worth $50, and more if fine. A fine cent of 1804 is equally rare, and the issues of 1809, 1811 and 1823 are not rare, but very desirable in fine and sharp condition. The half-cent of the 1796 is worth $26 to $50, while the other regular issues are very common. The small nickel cent of 1856, with the flying eagle, is worth, fine, $1.60.

There are, as a matter of course, counterfeits of the rare pieces in existence, and it is a strange fact that they were, with very few exceptions, not issued by any unscrupulous coin-dealer, but fraudulently restruck off the genuine dies by former employés of the Philadelphia mint.

The dollars of 1801, 1802, 1803 and 1804, 1850 and 1851; the quarter dollars of 1823 and 1827, and valuable pattern coins, to the amount, it is said, of twenty thousand dollars, have in this way been issued, cheating at the same time the United States government and credulous coin-collectors. Professional numismatists know these restrikes well, just as they can tell a genuine antique Greek or Roman coin from a modern forged one. And sensible collectors will purchase only from reliable dealers. Besides, at Philadelphia, New York and Boston there are numismatic societies, where valuable information is secured to the members.

G. P. BIDDER, ONCE A BOY WONDER.

THERE have been several persons who, in boyhood, showed a remarkable power of calculating mentally. Zerah Colborn, in this country, was an instance. One who flourished at the same time as Zerah, G. P. Bidder, has just died.

An old pamphlet contains a large number of questions proposed to George Bidder, at various places, in the year 1816-19, i. e., from the eleventh to the fourteenth year of his age. The times and places at which the questions were propounded are usually given, and very frequently the names of the proposers (amongst whom are "the late Queen," the Duke of Kent, and several schoolmasters); the answers given by Bidder are appended, with the addition, in many instances, of the time the operation took him to perform. In short, the account has every appearance of being trustworthy. With your permission I will give specimens, taken each year in succession:

1816 (10 years of age.) What is the interest of £4,444 for 4,444 days, at 4½ per cent. per annum? Answer, in 2 minutes—£2,434. 16s. 5½d.

1817 (10 years of age). How long would a cistern 1 mile cube be filling, it receiving from a river 120 gallons per minute without intermission? Answer, in 2 minutes—years 14,300, days 285, hours, 12, minutes 46.

1818 (11 years of age). Divide 468,592,414,563, by 9,076. Answer, within 1 minute—51,629,838.

There are 7 numbers in geometrical progression, the first is 6, and the seventh 705,894; what are all the intermediate terms? Answer, in 1 minute—42; 294; 2,508; 14,406; 100,842.

1818 (12 years of age). If the pendulum of a clock vibrates the distance of 9½ inches in a second of time, how many inches will it vibrate in 7 years, 14 days, 2 hours, 1 minute, 56 seconds, each year being 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 55 seconds? Answer, in less than a minute—2,165,825,744¼ inches.

1818 (13 years of age). What is the cube root of 897,339,273,974,002,153? Answer, in 25½ minutes—964,537. To find a number whose cube less 19 multiplied by its cube shall be equal to the cube of 6. Answer, instantly—2.

No date is assigned to the following: "The following question was put by Sir William Herschel, at Slough, near Windsor, to Master Bidder, and answered in one minute: 'Light travels from the sun to the earth in 8 minutes, and the sun being 95,000,000 of miles distance, if light would take 6 years and 4 months traveling at the same rate from the nearest fixed star, how far is that star from the earth, reckoning 365 days and 6 hours to each year, and 28 days to each month?' Answer, 40,632,740,000,000 miles."

To one of the questions, the following note is appended:

"The proposer observed that the answer was not correct; the boy said it was, and requested the proposer to work his sum over again. During the operation George said he was certain he was right, for he had worked it in another way, and before the proposer found that he was wrong, and that the boy was right, the latter told the company that he had calculated it by a third mode!"

I will give only one other example: "A gentleman in London inquired of George how many bulls' tails would reach the moon. He immediately answered, 'One—if it was long enough!'"

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

NO. II.—AUSTRALIA.

VICTORIA.

THE first settlement in the Colony of Victoria was made at Port Phillip Harbor, then included in New South Wales, in 1835, and it was not until 1851 that the town was declared independent.

Victoria is bounded on the northeast and north by New South Wales, from which it is separated by the Murray River, on the west by South Australia, and south by the Pacific Ocean and Bass's Straits. Its area is 86,831 square miles, and population about 1,350,000. The coast line is more than 600 miles long, the principal harbors being Portland Bay, Port Fairy, Warnambool or Lady Bay, Port Phillip and Western Port. The colony is divided into two unequal parts by a chain of mountains called the Dividing Range, which runs east and west, sixty or seventy miles from the coast. The eastern part is called the Australian Alps, and the western part forms the Grampians. The principal peaks are Mount Hotham, Mount Smyth, Mount Selwyn, The Twins, Forest Hill, the Cobborras, the Cooronggorring, the Jambour, Ben Nevis and Mount William.

The rivers of Victoria are not any different to those of her sister colonies. In Winter they are roaring torrents, but in Summer they dry up into unhealthy marshes. The principal of these rivers are the Goulburn, Glenelg, Loddon, Wimmera, Avoca, Hopkins, Wannon, Ovens, Murray and Yarra-Yarra. Only the two latter streams are navigable. Among the lakes we find Lake Carangarite, Tyrell, Hindmarsh, Albacutya, Buloke, Counewarra and Colac.

The colony is very rich in minerals, among its productions being gold, silver, copper, tin, zinc, iron, lead, antimony, cobalt, bismuth, manganese, molybdenum, coal, sulphur, kaolin and bitumen; while the ruby, sapphire, topaz, garnet and agate are counted among its precious stones. A slight idea of the wealth of Victoria may be gathered from the fact that one-third of the area of the colony is occupied by gold-bearing rocks, only one-quarter of which has been explored.

The native trees are found in great abundance, the most useful of which are the red and blue gums. The peppermint-trees attain a very great height in the mountain ravines; a gum tree near Healesville was found to be four hundred and eighty feet long. The soil is rich and generous; nearly everything grown in temperate climes thrives wonderfully.

The animals are of the same species as those that I have already mentioned in my account of Australia in general.

There are nearly two thousand factories, large and small, in the colony, the chief articles made being glass, paper, cloth, oil-cloth, dyes, beer, starch, soap, cigars, plaster, salts, agricultural implements, engines, carriages and brushes. Needless to say, the most important industry of Victoria is gold-mining. In the Ararat district there is a shaft over 1,700 feet deep.

The principal towns are Melbourne, Geelong, Ballarat, Sandhurst, Fitzroy, Castlemaine, Williamstown, Stowell, Daylesford, Warnamboool, Hamilton and Maryborough.

The first railway in Victoria was opened in 1856; at the end of the year 1875 there were 360 miles of railway in operation. The volunteer force consists of about 5,000 men, and the naval squadron comprises the turret-ship *Cerberus*, of 2,100 tons, and four guns, and the *Nelson* of 2,736 tons and seventy-two guns.

Melbourne, the prosperous capital of Victoria, is situated on the banks of the Yarra-Yarra River, about nine miles from its mouth, at the upper end of the large estuary of Port Phillip. The population of Melbourne is 280,000. The streets are mostly laid out at right angles, wide, straight, and running the whole length and breadth of the town. They are macadamized in the middle, well drained, mostly flagged at the sides, and lighted with gas.

In the original plan of the city, lanes—alternating with the main streets—were left to afford back entrance to the houses; but as the value of property increased these lanes were occupied by merchants and tradespeople, became independent streets, and now form a very unsightly feature in the older portion of Melbourne. The town is generally well built of brick and stone. Among the prominent buildings are the two Houses of Parliament, the customhouse, the treasury, the post-office, the free library, with a museum of art and reading room, several theatres, and an elegant club-house.

In commerce, Melbourne ranks as the first port in the British Colonies, an importance due to the gold discoveries of 1851. Besides gold, the chief exports are wool, tallow, hides, and other kinds of raw produce. The principal trade is with England, but that with the United States is not inconsiderable. Our illustration represents Bourke Street, one of the principal thoroughfares in Melbourne.

One piece of personal history and adventure, at least equal in interest to that of Alexander Selkirk, stands alone in the annals of early Australia. William Buckley, a native of Macclesfield, a private in the 4th Foot, who had been transported for life for receiving stolen goods, contrived to escape soon after his arrival at Port Phillip, and lived for thirty-two years with the natives, vainly endeavoring to come across a white man. He was of gigantic stature, and owed the high position he enjoyed among the aborigines to the accident of having become possessed of the spear of a deceased chief, whose spirit was supposed then to have occupied the body of this English soldier of six feet seven in his stockings. In the year 1835 he fell in with Mr. Batman's exploring party, and having not only saved their lives from the blacks, who had arranged to murder them all, but having done invaluable service in all their negotiations with the aborigines, whose language he spoke much better than English, he was granted a free pardon by the colonial governor; though Sir Richard Bourke's request that he should have a small pension and a grant of land in the colony was met with a severe refusal, in due Circumlocution-Office form, from Lord Glenelg. The records of the Colonial Office would be a much severer satire upon "how not to do it" than anything that Dickens invented in *Little Dorrit*. One highly-amusing theory entertained by the aborigines has been preserved for us by the Macclesfield ghost:

"They (the aborigines) have a notion that the world is supported by props, which are in the charge of a man who lives at the furthest end of the earth. They were dreadfully alarmed on one occasion, when I was with them, by news passing from tribe to tribe that unless they could send him a supply of tomahawks for cutting some more props with, and some more rope to tie them with, the earth would go by the run, and all hands would be smothered. Fearful of this, they began to think and inquire and calculate where the highest mountains were, and how to get on them, so as to have some chance of escape from the threatened danger. Notwithstanding this forethought, they set to to provide the needful, and succeeded in this way. Passing on the word to the tribes along the coast, some settlers at a very great distance were robbed of axes and saws and rope and tires of dray-wheels, all of which were forwarded on from tribe to tribe, to the old gentleman on the other side, and as was supposed, in time to prevent the capsize, for it never happened. A tribute of this description is paid whenever possible; but who the knowing old jogging receiving thief is I could never make out."

READ OUR NEW STORIES!

Wandering Willie;
Or,
Lost in the Bush.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MISSIONARY'S SON IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA.

Three Boys:
A Story of a High School,

BY W. O. STODDARD.

Roy the Ranger:
A Story of the Mexican War.

And

Wild Rose and Violet;
Or,
Fun at Mrs. Hawk's.

We give also "EASY LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY," "SKETCHES OF EMINENT MEN OF OUR TIMES," and "PAPERS ON DIVING." Other interesting subjects will follow.

To those of our readers who are desirous of obtaining a full and interesting record of all the important current events of the day we recommend FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. *No event of importance transpires unnoticed by us. Each number contains eight pages of the most interesting illustrations, one page being devoted to foreign subjects. Admirable serial stories, useful information, the latest discoveries among the wonders of nature and art, instructive editorials, cartoons, etc., etc., continually appear. It is a perfect library of reference concerning the history of the world for the past twenty-three years. It is published every Wednesday. Single copies, price 10 cents; annual subscription, $4, post-paid.*

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in ordering our publications, should be careful to write the name of FRANK LESLIE *in full, and direct their letters to 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, from which address all our publications are issued.*

Advertisements for any of Frank Leslie's Publications will be received, at regular rates, by Col. W. B. Crooks, 1,309 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Send Twenty-five Cents

FOR SPECIMEN COPY OF

Frank Leslie's

SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

Read "The Wit, Wisdom and Pathos of Childhood"; see the purest and best stories and poems for

Boys and Girls,

and grown people. It makes Sunday a cheerful day. There is nothing stupid, morose or heavy in our **Sunday Magazine.** Every man who wants to have a glad and happy household should let his children have the **Sunday Magazine.**

☞ *READ THE ABOVE TO YOUR PARENTS.*

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

CLARENCE J. WOODWARD.—The favorite authors as to whom you write will soon appear again before our readers.

THE ROUND TABLE.

PRIZES.

To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor . $5.00
For the next best 2.50
For the third in merit and promptness . . 1.00

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 648.

1. Machinist, Carpenter — MastiC, AlabamA, CoopeR, HooP, IrritabIE, NouN, IT, SnipE, TempesE. 2. B(l)ank. 3. Bite, Idol, Tomb, Elba. 4. Met-hod. 5. Grape, Rape, Ape. 6. Inn-ate. 7. A, Ant, Argus, Angelic, Tulip, Sip, C. 8. Grasp, Razor, Azure, Sorry, Preys. 9. Score, Core, Roe, Co, Ore, Roe, O. 10. Cat-as(s)-trophe(y).

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 648.

1.—A. J. Bell, 135 Charlton Street, New York City.
2.—J. S. Eaton, East Boston, Mass.
3.—T. J. Bennett, Westerly, R. I.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—CHARADE.

My first belongs to Robin Hood,
My second to your shoe;
My whole to Turkman seemeth good,
Though sure 'twould not to you.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Foundation Words.

My primals down a drink will view;
In primals, finals (strange, yet true)
'Tis made; so please to find it—do
Not tarry.

Cross Words.

With one of my indulgent aunts
I took a first across to France,
In hopes a prince (what a romance!)
To marry.

Yes, riddlers keen, this will expound
What means, I'm certain, to resound
Which you will quickly, I'll be bound,
Descry.

My last when found to mind will call,
Without a doubt, an insect small.
My rhyme is done; kind riddlers all,
Good-by.

3.—ENIGMA.

I'm the author of good, I'm the author of harm;
I'm the giver of pleasure, the cause of alarm;
I'm looked on with gladness and viewed with delight;
I'm gazed on with terror and seen with affright.

I'm a ravenous monster, all things I devour
That have the misfortune to fall in my power;
I make no distinction, no mercy I show.
A similar fate prince and peasant would know.

Yet my terrible appetite's never appeased.
Though I've swallowed a banquet and eaten a feast;
But after you're fed me I'm worse than before,
And clamor and make a disturbance for more.

Still, I have my good parts with my bad, you will see;
I've a mission of usefulness given to me.
Without me, I fancy, but poorly you'd fare
When your dinner or supper you went to prepare.

At all seasons and times I am wanted, 'tis true—
Indeed, indispensable all the year through—
But now when the winds of cold Winter blow keen,
I'm in greater request than I ever have been.

4.—CENTRAL DELETION.

Delete part of a river and get an insect; delete a seed and get a grimace; delete one law term and get another; delete African Christians and get bedsteads; delete meals and get those who eat them; delete members of a royal family and get what seldom troubles them, high as they may be.

5.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A vowel; a dance without head or tail; a mathematical term; fishermen; an Irish cape; to go wrong; a consonant.

6.—SQUARE WORDS.

A corner; a girl's name, and a vowel; a general; a spear; a consumer.

7.—DECAPITATIONS.

Behead uncertain and get a shake; behead coat and get a grain; behead part of a lady's dress and get a shower; behead an eminence and get a number; behead dexterity and get illumination.

8.—SQUARE WORDS.

A kind of cards; serpentine; darts; a city in Asia; dress; smaller.

9.—OMNIGRAM.

Dear riddler, take your atlas out
And kindly find for me
A town in South America,
In which my first you'll see.

To tell my next just change the tail,
And then you'll have the name
Of what both you and I possess;
'Tis part of each one's frame.

A kind of tree now comes in view,
If you the change repeat;
And you will find it also names
A fruit you sometimes eat.

When you have rightly guessed my third,
Please alter tail again;
A word which means to draw or paint
There will, I'm sure, remain.

Just do the same thing but once more,
And you will surely find
A certain kind of halting walk
Will then be left behind.

I've finished now my riddle, friends,
Told everything I may,
And as I've nothing more to add,
I'll wish you all good-day

10.—CURTAILMENT.

Curtail a part of Switzerland and get a part of a poem; curtail again, and get the talk of a hypocrite; curtail again and get a vessel.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

COUNSEL to witness—"You're a nice sort of fellow, you are!" *Witness*—"I'd say the same of you, sir, only I'm on my oath."

THE following explanation of a legal term is offered by a Teutonic member of the Canton police force: "Ven I git me out a habeas scorpious I can chust as vell catch a man where he ain't as where he is."

THE horse is usually an oated animal.

WHAT is the difference between a fisherman and a lazy schoolboy? One baits his hook and the other hates his book.

WHY is the letter *g* like matrimony? Because it is the end of courting.

"THERE is no truth in men," said a lady in company; "they are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tones." "In other words, madam," said a wit, who chanced to be present, "you believe that all men are lyres."

THE blackbird has been called a great thief, but as for the redbreast he is always a robin.

WHICH would even a naturalist prefer at Christmastide—a stuffed humming-bird or stuffed turkey?

WHEN may a man's coat-pocket be empty and yet have something in it? When there's a hole in it!

A LITTLE boy was asked to define the word "responsibility," so he said: "Well, supposing I had only two buttons on my breeches, and one came off, all the responsibility would rest on the other button!"

A WALKERIAN methematician, who has "figured it up," states that every man who lives to the age of sixty has spent about six years of his life in trying to button his shirt-collar.

ANATOMICAL IMPOSSIBILITIES.

To walk over the bridge of your nose.
To poison beetle brows.
To brush up a curl of the lip.
To teach the pupil of the eye.
To get a tune out of the "play of the muscles."
To embark in one of the vessels of the lungs.
To travel by the routes of the hair.
To wear a feather in your knee-cap.
To make your calves bleat.
To fit an amber mouthpiece to the wind-pipe.
To play sonatas on your digestive organs.
To echo the "hollos!" of the back.
To take a dose of your own physique.

MISS DORR'S cooking lecture the other evening.—*Lady*, soliloquizing: "Now that she's got it cooked, I wish she'd tell us how to use up cold mutton." Next day lady overhears and remarks: "I have some infallible recipes." *First Lady*, alert with pencil and notebook: "Will you please favor me?" *Second Lady*: "Six boys!"

A LITTLE girl sat gazing fixedly at the new bonnet of one of her mother's visitors, until the visitor smilingly asked: "Do you like it, my dear?" The innocent child replied: "Yes, I do. Mamma and Aunt Milly said it was a perfect fright, but it doesn't scare me a bit."

A CURATE who express some erroneous views was said to be not a-curate.

"ARE you paring your nails?" asked Jones. "No," said Brown, "I am repairing them."

A SHOT.

QUOTH a wise man to a friend one day:
"Tell me your aim in life, I pray?"
"A mighty general I'd be,"
Replied the youth, ambitiously.

Then quoth the stripling to the sage:
"Tell me your aim in your old age."
Then said the sage, a little tired,
"Aim! Oh! I have no aim; I've fired."

EVERY man is a miserable sinner in church, but out of church it is unsafe to say much about it, except to a small man.

SMART SOPHOMORE—"What fruit would you most resemble when riding on a jackass?" *Innocent-looking Freshman*—"Give it up." *S. S.*—"A beautiful pear." *I. L. F.*—"All right; come outside and I'll try it."

THE superintendent addressed the Sunday-school on obedience to the moral law, and urged the keeping and not breaking of the commandments, and to hasten the impression asked: "Is anything better for being broken?" "Yes," said a little boy, "a nag." The address proceeded no further.

VISITING MINISTER to hopeful scion: "Well, Johnnie, do you know your catechism?" "I dunno, guess I do." "Let's see, then. The first question is, 'Who made you?' Now, my brave young man, can you tell?" "My teacher—ah—told me—ah—it was God—ah—but grandma—she says—ah—I'm an ugly little brat—ah—and a child—ah—of the devil—ah—an' I s'pects grandma knows more 'bout me'n eat'kism does."

ARTHUR GILMAN tells the following of an old lady at Concord: "Have you given electricity a trial for your complaint, madam?" asked the minister, as he took tea with the old lady. "Electricity?" said she. "Well, yes, I reckon it has. I was struck by lightning last Summer, and hove out of the window, but it didn't seem to do me no sort of good."

WHEN a young tobacco-chewer, who boasted that his father used the weed up to the day of his death, was asked if he didn't think it shortened his days, replied: "Not at all. Each one of his days was twenty-four hours long, just the same as if he hadn't used tobacco."

A SCOTCH minister in one of his parochial visits met a cowboy and asked what o'clock it was. "About twelve, sir," was the reply. "Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more." "It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at one again."

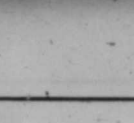
THE following unique epistle was picked up in the street at Schuylerville: "Dear Bill: The reason I didn't laff when you left at me in the post-office yesterday was because I hev a bile on my face, and it han't laff. If I laff she'll burst. But I luv you. Bill, bile or no bile, laff or no laff. Yure luving Kate till death."

PROFESSOR (looking at his watch)—"As we have a few minutes, I should like to have any one ask questions, if so disposed." *Student*—"What time is it, please?"

GROWING fat—Raising a hog.

A MAN was boasting that he had an elevator in his house. "So he has," chimed in his wife, "and he keeps it in a cupboard in a bottle."

ADVERTISEMENTS.



SPECIAL OFFER.
For next 60 days (our usual dull season), we will send, on receipt of $1, a pair of magnificent **MONOGRAM SLEEVE BUTTONS.** Cannot be distinguished from Solid Gold Buttons worth $15. The engraving, by best artists, is worth double price charged. Send $1 with initials or name to be engraved to **Manhattan M'f'g. Co., 835 Broadway, New York.**

THE $3 Press Prints 3x5. Sets, cards, etc. (Self-inker $5) 9 Larger sizes. For business, pleasure, young or old. Catalogue of Presses, Type, Etc., for 2 stamps. **KELSEY & Co.** Meriden, Conn. **ROTARY JOB PRESS, $100.** Outfit is the largest factory in the United States

CARDS, 10 Lily-of-the-Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 1 Model Letter, 1 Card Case, Name on all, 15cts. WARD & CO., Northford, Conn.

STAMPS—Sheets of 40 rare 50 cents. All sheets proving unsatisfactory exchanged for others. J. M. PAINE & CO., East Killingly, Ct., Box 24.

GRECIAN PHOTO PAINTING.
This beautiful art learnt by enclosing 25c. & 2c. postage. Address, C. C. CHESTER, Station B, Jersey City, N. J.

50 Extra *Bristol cards, with name, in Elegant Case,* 12c. *Best offered!* U. S. Card Co., Durham, Conn.

50 *Snowflake, Motto, Chromo, Favorite, etc.* **CARDS,** *in gold & jet,* 10c. **Best!** Burkell & Co., Durham, Ct.

150 **Foreign stamps,** by return mail, only 10c. A. E. ASHFIELD, Box 1920, New York.

☞ We recommend our readers to *study this car fully.*

FOR HOME TREATMENT.
DR. CHASE'S RECIPE BOOK
Worth one hundred times its cost to Mechanics, Farmers, Housekeepers, Professional men and Students. Practicing Physicians will find it invaluable. Every family should have a copy. Over 1,000,000 sold. Dr. Chase's Blood and Nerve Food, Dr. Chase's Ointment, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, Dr. Chase's Pile Ointment, Dr. Chase's Worm Syrup, Dr. Chase's Blood Purifier, Dr. Chase's Toilet Cream, Dr. Chase's Hair Renewer, Dr. Chase's Colic and Cholera Cure, Dr. Chase's Liniment, Dr. Chase's Dyspepsia Cure, Dr. Chase's Female Regulator, Dr. Chase's Nerve Powders, Dr. Chase's Nerve Pills, Dr. Chase's Headache Powders, Dr. Chase's Cough and Lung Syrup, Dr. Chase's Vegetable Pills, Dr. Chase's Blood Bitters, Dr. Chase's Sarsaparilla, Dr. Chase's Hair Balsam, Dr. Chase's Tooth Ache Drops, Dr. Chase's Ear Drops, Dr. Chase's Eye Water, Dr. Chase's Cough Balsam, Dr. Chase's Hive Syrup, Dr. Chase's Diarrhœa Mixture, Dr. Chase's Cholera Mixture, Dr. Chase's Dysentery Mixture, Dr. Chase's Cholera Infantum Mixture, Dr. Chase's Cramp Mixture, Dr. Chase's Colic Mixture, Dr. Chase's Neuralgia Mixture, Dr. Chase's Rheumatic Mixture, Dr. Chase's Sciatica Mixture, Dr. Chase's Asthma Mixture, Dr. Chase's Bronchitis Mixture, Dr. Chase's Croup Mixture, Dr. Chase's Whooping Cough Mixture, Dr. Chase's Consumption Mixture, Dr. Chase's Dyspepsia Mixture, Dr. Chase's Female Regulator Mixture, Dr. Chase's Nervousness Mixture, Dr. Chase's Sleeplessness Mixture, Dr. Chase's Hysteria Mixture, Dr. Chase's Epilepsy Mixture, Dr. Chase's Paralysis Mixture, Dr. Chase's Locomotor Ataxia Mixture, Dr. Chase's Spinal Disease Mixture, Dr. Chase's Kidney Disease Mixture, Dr. Chase's Liver Disease Mixture, Dr. Chase's Heart Disease Mixture, Dr. Chase's Dropsy Mixture, Dr. Chase's Erysipelas Mixture, Dr. Chase's Scarlet Fever Mixture, Dr. Chase's Measles Mixture, Dr. Chase's Small Pox Mixture, Dr. Chase's Chicken Pox Mixture, Dr. Chase's Mumps Mixture, Dr. Chase's Yellow Fever Mixture, Dr. Chase's Typhoid Fever Mixture, Dr. Chase's Typhus Fever Mixture, Dr. Chase's Scarlatina Mixture, Dr. Chase's Diphtheria Mixture, Dr. Chase's Malarial Fever Mixture, Dr. Chase's Intermittent Fever Mixture, Dr. Chase's Remittent Fever Mixture, Dr. Chase's Congestive Fever

A RHINOCEROS PANIC.

A STRANGE ice accident has happened to the rhinoceros at the Zoological Gardens, in London, England. The animal had been turned out one morning lately as usual into the paddock behind the elephant-house while the dens were being cleared. The snow had fallen thickly during the night, so that the pond was not to be distinguished from the ground. The rhinoceros, not seeing the pond, put her fore feet on the ice, which immediately gave way, and in she went, head over heels with a crash.

The keepers ran for Mr. Bartlett, the resident superintendent. When he came he found the poor rhinoceros floundering about among great sheets of ice, under which she had probably been kept down till her great strength enabled her to break up the whole mass. Here, then, was a most awkward accident under unexpected and novel circumstances.

Mr. Bartlett was equal to the occasion. He immediately let the water off the pond by knocking away a large plug. In the meantime the poor rhinoceros was in great danger of drowning, as the pond is nine feet deep; so, while the water was running off, Mr. Bartlett sent for all the available keepers and a long and strong rope; barrow loads of gravel were at the same time strewed on the sloping sides of the pond to give the exhausted animal a foothold.

The rope was then tossed round the haunches of the rhinoceros, and twenty-six men, one half at one end of the rope, and the other half at the other, pulled hard on the rhinoceros; so that in her struggles to get up the bank she would not only be supported, but pulled forcibly forward.

After much hauling on the part of the men and much plunging on the slippery bank of the pond, the rhinoceros was at last landed on *terra firma*. The salvors of this valuable living property had then to look out for themselves. Mr. Bartlett had anticipated this, for he had left the sliding gate of the enclosure open just wide enough to let one man out at a time, but not a rhinoceros.

An absurd scene ensued; everybody rushing to the gate, but the first of the fugitives from the rhinoceros being rather stout, jammed fast in the open gate, so that the other twenty-five men were in the paddock with the rhinoceros.

The poor frightened and half frozen beast luckily behaved very well; she did not rush after the men but stood still, pricked her ears and snorted, giving the keepers time to get out as fast as they could, through the ingenious "manhole," or guard, in the railing made in case of emergencies. Neither the rhinoceros nor the men received the slightest injury.

Shortly after the accident, the rhinoceros was munching her breakfast as if nothing had happened. The rhinoceros was the big female; she is about ten feet six inches long, and about five feet high at the shoulder, and she weighs at a guess between three and four tons.

The ice was four inches thick.

THE MISERY OF SIN.—None of us stand alone in the world; none of us can rush into an abyss of misery without dragging others after us.

AN EAST INDIAN TOWN.

CALCUTTA is divided into three parts: there is first the suburban, or residential part, where the official people and non-trading class of Europeans live; next, the commercial or business part, occupied by public offices, courts, shops, banks, and other establishments; thirdly, the native part, where the rich baboos live in houses of European fashion, and the poorer in mere huts or wigwams, which cover many square miles out of the whole extent of the city, and indeed form the larger portion of its space.

The huts of the natives, massed together by thousands, have a savage simplicity. They resemble the roofs of haystacks supported by scaffolding or props; sometimes they have mud walls, sometimes merely matting or cane-wattling to serve as screens from the public eye. The first drive through this portion of the town is not pleasant for a European.

He may drive through acre after acre of such habitations, varied by occasional mean buildings of white stucco. It is not the mode of habitation, however, but the humanity of the place, which is calculated to turn the stomach of the unexperienced. One, two, three, or any definite number of dark-skinned naked people need not sicken anybody; but to be alone amid illimitable numbers of naked bodies, some of whom are less comely than apes, and amid an infinite display of uncovered and sometimes perspiring skins of all shades of color from red to black—copper, chocolate, bistre, burnt umber, and charcoal; to see a countless number of hairy chests, some hard and bony, as though in the last stage of emaciation, and some, and these the most horrible, pendulous from corpulence, to see so much bare humanity in all sorts of ungainly postures—squatting for the most part like apes, smoking the eternal bubble-bubble—and gazing vacantly from dark, stony eyes beneath brows wrinkled with excessive heat and crowned with black, shaggy, and bristled hair, is very degrading to civilized humanity.

Here we, the whites, seem the exception, and the blacks the normal type of humanity. A cleanly baboo, or respectable native, and his white soup-plate headdress, and his spotless white vest and scarf, or a native domestic servant, bearer, kit-mugar or ayee, is a decent-looking being; but the swarming, tattooed, bare-legged, bare-breasted, bare-headed millions of Bengalese are in the mass a most unpleasant spectacle in hot weather. when even baboos out for a walk will take off their vests and shoes for the sake of coolness, or saving of washing expenditure; as they have no undergarments, nature unadorned is not very attractive.

JOE COOK'S FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

MR. ABE VAN RIPER, the famous wild animal trainer, says that there is no part of southern New York that can compare with Sullivan County for hunting and fishing. He has made many visits in that region of wild beasts, and one of them was unusually adventurous and interesting.

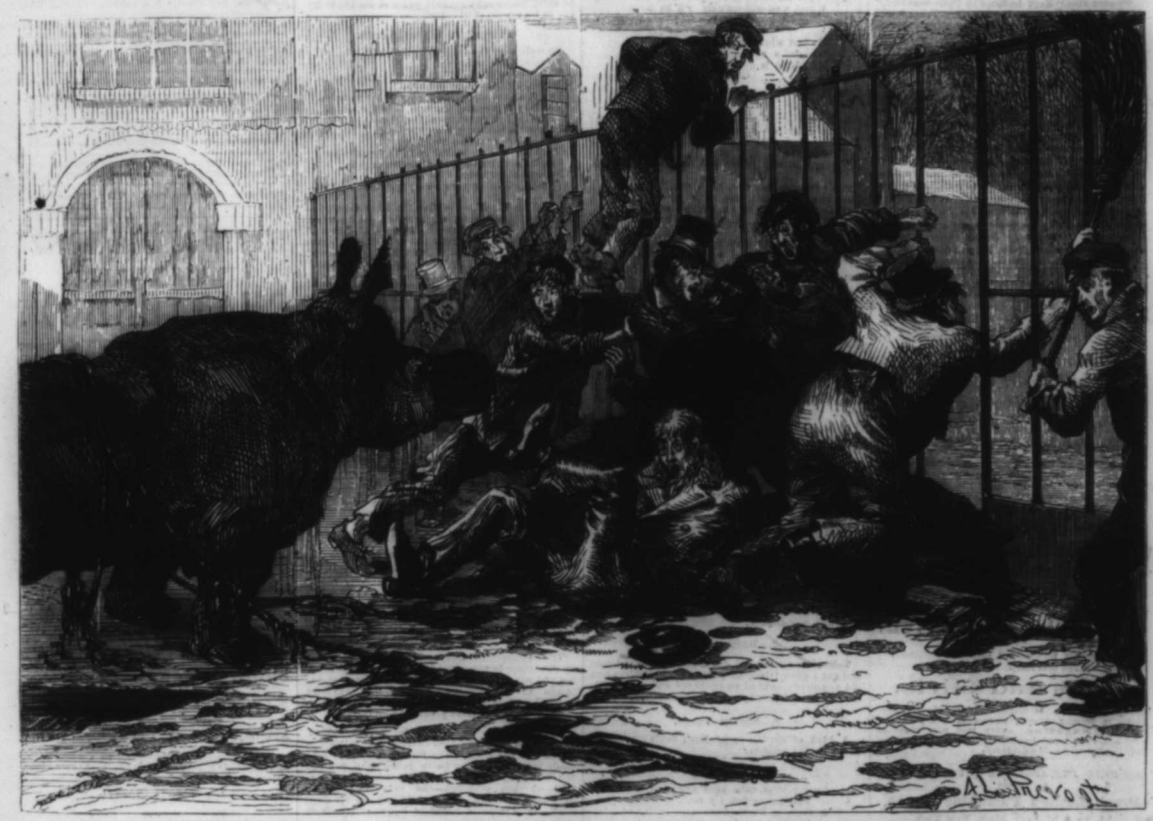
His companion was Joe Cook, another crack shot, who came within a hair's breadth of making food for a monstrous black bear. The two hunters were off for a week's recreation. It was nearly sundown when they reached the spot where Van Riper wanted to locate for a few days, and, as the tramp had been a long and tedious one, and both men had become greatly fatigued, the proposition of Joe Cook to get shelter for the night was agreed to, said they lodged in the hut of an old hunter.

Their experience was related by Abe Van Riper as follows:

"We had some rest, to be sure; but I tell you 'twas a hideous night. There seemed to be a continual roar of wild beasts, and I b'lieve I could have stuck my gun out anywhere, and at any time brought down game, from a red squirrel to a bear. I never heard anything like it. Our experience that night was novel, but next day 'twas alarming. I'll never forget it. Poor Joe Cook, he came near ending his career.

"We left the old hunter's bright and early, after breakfasting on a tender piece of venison and some burnt corn-cobies, both of us loaded down with guns and ammunition for the whole week, and not knowing where we would fetch up. We had walked over mountains and through valleys, and climbed over rocks until we had probably footed ten miles, when at about three o'clock in the afternoon we struck what we s'posed was the track of a bear.

"We had a fine dog with us that belonged to Joe Cook, and we trailed along after the bear. It was after four o'clock when we came upon him, and then we cornered him in a marshy swale. Just north was a big rock nearly fifteen feet high. While poor Joe stood close to the tracks with the dog, I planted myself upon the rock. I had been there but a minute when I saw the bear poke his nose through some underbrush. To tell the truth I



A RHINOCEROS PANIC.—RESCUE OF THE FEMALE RHINOCEROS.—THE RETREAT OF THE RESCUERS CUT OFF.—RHINOCEROS MISTRESS OF THE SITUATION.

With this he loosened his grip on Joe, and while Joe kept at him with his dagger, I pounded him over the head with the butt of my rifle. It was one of the worst hand-to-hand fights I ever heard tell of, and we did not succeed in making him drop until we had almost left his body like a cool sieve. It was riddled from the hind flank to the neck with holes from Joe's dagger; while my rifle, which I broke over his head, had filled that part of his carcass with bullet-holes. He was an old stager, and had probably seen service afore, as several of his teeth had been knocked out. It was, no doubt, because of this that he had not chawed up Joe's shoulder more'n he did; but as it was, Joe was badly mangled.

"As soon as we had satisfied ourselves that the bear was done for, we set out for the nearest house, to have Joe's wounds dressed, leaving the bear's carcass on the battle-field. We came across an old hunter, who had a neat little cabin and all the fix-in's for doing up wounds. He kindly assisted us, after we had told him of our adventure, and, when through, he went after the carcass of the bear we had killed. Joe's arm and shoulder were very painful, and his face looked as if he had been drawn through a thrashing-machine. We kept on our hunting and fishing expedition, and before we got back brought down a bear and a lynx."

SET AFIRE FROM THE SKY.

DURING a recent thunderstorm a singular electrical discharge occurred in Paterson, N. J.,